PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.
APR 2 1934

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. VII. No. 153 (New Series) SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1934 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS	Page 105	BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett	Page 120
THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE ARCHBISHOP	108	REVIEWS:	
THE NEW DEAL. By H. N. Brailsford	109	New Novels. By Peter Quennell	121
A LONDON DIARY	110	The Wordsworths. By Richard Church	124
THIS ENGLAND	111	Hardy for the Visitor	125
THE ASSYRIANS. By Lt.-Col. R. S. Stafford	111	"Banksters." By E. H. Davenport	126
BUILDING THE CHARACTER. By Y. Y.	112	Gulliver in Lilliput	128
THE CONFIDENCE TRICK. By MacFlecknoe	114	Literary Mysticism. By Austin Clarke	128
CORRESPONDENCE	114	The Nazi Mentality. By Kingsley Martin	130
From Oliver Strachey; F. J. Newboult; Jonathan Griffin; Dr. Dunlop; Frida Laski; Marjorie Green; Wm. Foyle; C. L. Bencard; John Pope-Hennessy; Ellen Wilkinson and Ivor Montague; David Freeman.		Cecil Sharp. By Sylvia Townsend Warner	130
		Thomas Mann. By Brian Howard	131
PAINTERS AS BUYERS. By Clive Bell	116	SHORTER NOTICES	131
STAR-GAZING. By Ivor Brown	117	WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	134
FURTWÄNGLER. By W. J. Turner	118	CROSSWORD	136
		THE WEEK IN THE CITY	138

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

DR. DOLLFUSS'S protest to Berlin, and threatened appeal to a special meeting of the League Council, must bring an intolerable position to a head. Pursuing its ruthless policy of *Machtpolitik*, which menaces sometimes one frontier and sometimes another, the Nazi Government is making war on Austria by bombs, rioting and vilification. Dr. Dollfuss has an ample case for appealing to the League to deal with a situation that "threatens international peace." But to make such an appeal is a sign of desperation, since it must increase his unpopularity in Austria and, unless at once successful in checking Hitler, must strengthen the already formidable Austrian Nazis. Dr. Dollfuss has himself to blame for suppressing the working-class organisations which were alone likely to offer real resistance to Hitler. Mussolini's attitude is now doubtful. It depends, as it has always done, on the strength of British policy. Unless Britain, France and Italy take an uncompromising stand against Hitler immediately, the triumph of the Nazis in Austria seems assured. Its repercussions would be immeasurable, its immediate results in Jewish Vienna terrible to contemplate.

A Faint Hope

Such hopes as remain of ending the disarmament deadlock now centre in the chance of Great Britain playing the "honest broker." The direct exchanges between Paris and Berlin, despite conciliatory pretences, have broken down. France's offers to reduce her armaments under certain conditions do not satisfy the Germans, who still stand firm on their claim to equality. Even though this claim be reduced to equality in defensive weapons, it still means more rearmament than the French will stomach; and the old difficulty remains of deciding what are, and what are not, "defensive" weapons. Both sides, therefore, are awaiting any suggestions that may come from the British Government—with a good deal of scepticism, it must be admitted. The Germans say, with considerable truth, that for the last twelve months or so the British attitude has not been clear, and they would like it defined. The French, privately if not officially, express grave doubts about the prospects of our standing by their demand for security. It is indeed difficult to see how any plan evolved in Downing Street can bridge the gulf.

Japan Talks Peace

The resignation of General Araki, the head and front of militant nationalism and undisguised imperialism in Japan, seems on the face of it good news. But his successor as War Minister is a man of his own party, and, when he has recovered his health, the ferocious General may exercise as potent an influence out of office as he did while in it. For the moment, however, the word is with Mr. Hirota, the Prime Minister, and he is cooing like a

dove. Japan's intentions, he declares, are entirely peaceful. She has no designs on China—at least nothing that a Japanese would call designs. Her traditional amity with Great Britain is unshaken. Her only complaint is against the provocative noises that Moscow is making. In fact there is no evidence of any substantial change in Japanese policy; she is steadily consolidating her hold on Manchuria, and China still lies open to her, when she judges the moment has come. But her immediate concern is with Russia. It may be that the Russians exaggerate the danger of a Japanese attack; it is certain that they are taking all possible precautions against such an attack. That, in view of Japan's record, is inevitable. They are still anxious, however, to know what British policy is. Anything like the sort of Anglo-Japanese understanding which Mr. Hirota is supposed to be hankering after is, we trust, altogether out of the question.

Roosevelt's Work Programme

For some time past well over four million people in the United States have been getting work and wages under President Roosevelt's emergency plan for "Civil Works," which is quite distinct from the "Public Works" programme. The "Civil Works" plan was meant only to tide over the interval until the "Public Works" programme could be got into full working order; and it amounts in practice to the provision of wages through local schemes of a temporary and non-remunerative kind. During the past week or two there has been an attempt to cut down the expenditure on Civil Works, as the Public Works programme and the other recovery measures should now, according to schedule, be getting into their stride. This, however, has provoked strong protests from many quarters; millions are faced with the loss of their incomes, or at least their serious curtailment in consequence of the provision of work for a small number of hours in the week. The President has been compelled to ask for a fresh vote of money in order to enable the Civil Works to be continued for a further period, though he is still eager to end them as soon as possible, holding that as long as federal grants can be had for this purpose, State and local bodies will hold back from Public Works of which they will have to meet part of the cost. Mr. Roosevelt may indeed find that, in order to get Public Works going on the requisite scale, he will have to go much farther than he meant towards assuming direct federal responsibility and putting pressure on the authorities through which the work is to be provided.

The Gold Bill

The United States Gold Bill passed the House of Representatives by an enormous majority; and, although it has been cut about since by the "sound money" interests in the Senate, no one doubts that President Roosevelt can get the Bill passed in its original form if he cares to insist, as he almost certainly will. On this matter, as on most others, the Senate is by no means minded to risk a fall with the President and the House of Representatives combined. The money interests opposing the Bill are hostile to it, at bottom, because they realise that it means the bringing of the Federal Reserve system far more than hitherto under the President's control. In proposing to take over for the State the profits accruing from currency devaluation to the Central Banks, Mr. Roosevelt is only doing what every other Government would certainly do, and is acting in strict accordance with the traditional relationship between Governments and banks of issue. The real attack of the money interests is directed rather against the proposed Equalisation Fund and the wider powers which the Administration means to take for buying and selling public securities in the open market, as an essential part of its policy of getting control over the conditions of credit. This the President must do if he is to make his financial policy effective; and those who oppose him on this point are really against his entire financial programme. That is why they stand no chance of success. American opinion is still overwhelmingly in favour of giving Mr. Roosevelt all the powers he can need, and highly unsympathetic to financiers who would like to stand in his way.

Bavaria and the Nazis

The trial at Munich of Dr. Muhler, a Roman Catholic priest who is accused of spreading atrocity stories, may bring to a head a mass of Bavarian discontent with the new regime. Though Munich was the birthplace of the Nazis and remains the headquarters of the Party, the Bavarian Nazis have always worn their shirts with a difference. Eighty-eight per cent. of the population of Bavaria are Catholic, and a sincere, practising Catholic cannot in the nature of things be a sincere believer in the Totalitarian State. The peasantry are dissatisfied with the meagre fruits of Hitler's promises of prosperity, and they are under the influence of the priests, most of whom notoriously dislike the Nazi Government. Many priests have been imprisoned for stating their views too frankly. Father Rossberger, for instance, was recently given eight months in gaol for describing Herr Wagner, the Bavarian Minister of the Interior, as a drunken baboon, and for declaring it was time for the Nazis to speak the truth and admit that they set fire to the Reichstag. This was in private conversation, but the inevitable informer was present, this time, strangely enough, another priest. The international traditions of the Catholic faith are also, of course, completely opposed to the tenets of National Socialism. The Pastoral Letter of the Austrian Bishops, never published in full in Bavaria, probably accurately represents the general Catholic outlook. It condemned among other things "the excessive State Nationalism," "the racial madness" and the sterilisation laws of the Nazis. In Munich itself Catholic opposition has been rallied by the sensational sermons of Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich, on Christianity and the Jews. It is understood that only the personal intervention of Herr Hitler has saved him from arrest by the political police.

* * *

Catholics are also dissatisfied with the composition of the present Bavarian Government. Its members are almost all Protestants, since the Catholic Bavarian People's Party, which is the natural source of supply for administrators in Bavaria, is now considered "Marxist" by the Nazis. The appointment of Herr Schemm, a fanatical anti-Catholic, to be Minister for Education and Public Worship was regarded by the Catholics as a deliberate insult, though it was more probably merely an example of Nazi ineptitude. The one point on which the people

and Government of Bavaria agree is that their country is not occupying a position of sufficient importance in the Third Reich. The plan which was put forward some months ago for the reorganisation of the Reich, ignoring the old dynastic boundaries and destroying Prussia and Bavaria as separate entities, was opposed by General Göring, who saw some of his remaining power slipping away. He was energetically backed by the Bavarian Government, and there are signs of further trouble about the new scheme for reorganising the Reich that is immediately expected. One difficulty that must arise is the question whether the Reich would take over the finances of Bavaria, since the State owes large sums of money to America. Dr. Goebbels appears to be counting his chickens too soon when he declares that he has succeeded in creating a united Germany. A Bavarian is still a Bavarian before he is a German, and the discontent of the South German Catholics, with their growing Monarchist sympathies, presents Hitler with a problem for which he has yet to find a solution.

The Right of Search

At the time of the prosecutions of Mr. Wal Hannington and Mr. Sidney Elias which followed the hunger-march of 1932, we called attention to certain actions of the police which seemed to us arbitrary and illegal. Were the police justified in their extensive search and sequestration of documents from the premises of the National Unemployed Workers' Movement? The question has now been tested in the courts and our view has been confirmed. Mr. Justice Horridge has given judgment for the officials of the N.U.W.M., who receive £20 damages for trespass and £10 for wrongful detention of documents. These damages, it is to be noticed, are in respect of the hundreds of documents which the police took and which proved irrelevant to any criminal charge. There is no doubt that the police were justified in taking one document which was found without search: the question at issue is the seizure of a great bulk of papers, only twelve of which were afterwards used in a criminal case. The issue is of considerable importance, since the question of the right of the police to make a general search for incriminating documents is as serious a point of liberty to-day as it was when it set the whole of London in a blaze in the days of Wilkes. It is clear no right of general search exists, nor indeed was it ever contended for by the Attorney-General. There was, however, one curious and, from a legal point of view, very disputable sentence in Mr. Justice Horridge's judgment. We venture to suggest that if this judgment at any time comes under review in a higher court the statement that "the interests of the State must excuse the seizure of documents, which seizure would otherwise be unlawful, if it appeared in fact that such documents were evidence of a crime committed by anyone," is not likely to be upheld.

The Hunger-March

The Minister of Labour has issued an announcement which, stripped of its verbiage, means that those who join the unemployed hunger-march are to have their unemployment benefit taken away. That is, of course, if they are entitled to benefit, which a good many of them probably are not. But these others will presumably be unable to claim Means Test payments or any form of public assistance while they are away from their homes. The ground on which the Minister bases his decision is that men in order to qualify for benefit must report regularly at the Employment Exchange where they are registered, unless they receive special exemption, which will not be granted to the "marchers." Presumably the purpose of this provision is to ensure that men shall be available for work if a chance of a job arises; and it would be reasonable to stop men from going away from an area if there were any real chance of their absence causing a shortage of labour. Everyone knows that there is, in fact, no such danger. The technical point is not really important. The "marchers" are to be deprived of benefit because they are the political opponents of the Government. We are well aware that the "March" is in fact largely a Communist affair, and that it is unpopular with the official Trade Union leadership. But presumably Communists and those whom they can persuade to act with them in a lawful manner have rights, as well as other people; and it is unjust as well as mean to subject them to deprivation of benefit for exercising their legitimate right of protest in the way they think most likely to succeed in evoking public support.

A Bold Rent Scheme

The Housing Committee of the Leeds City Council have decided on a very bold experiment in the application of the rent rebate system. This system, under which the rent varies in accordance with the tenant's income or the size of his family, is operative in one form or another in a number of towns—and it is a system which we hope will soon become the general rule, for it uses the building subsidies in the most equitable manner. But Leeds proposes to go one better than anyone else, and to allow those below a certain income level to pay no rent at all. These income levels are 11*s.* a week for a single man, 10*s.* for a single woman, 19*s.* for man and wife, 9*s.* for any person over sixty-five, with graduated additions for children at different ages (*e.g.*, the minimum for man, wife and three children under ten would be 31*s.*). The scheme is applicable to about 7,000 Corporation houses in the city, the present rents of which range from 8*s.* to 11*s.* 6*d.* a week, and some critics believe that it will not be popular with the better-off tenants, who will object to paying higher rents themselves, as they will have to, in order to provide free accommodation for the poorest. That remains to be seen. It also remains to be seen whether the proposal will be passed by the City Council; but there is little doubt about this, since it is the recommendation of the Labour majority on the Housing Committee, and Labour is, of course, in the majority on the Council itself.

SOLD OUT

A number of readers must have had some difficulty in obtaining THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION last week, as our publishing office was sold out, in fact could not supply all repeat orders, at 10 o'clock on the morning of publication. This in spite of what was thought to be an adequate margin in the printing order. In view of the increasing demand for the paper purchasers are advised whenever possible to place a definite order with their newsagents to deliver or reserve their copy of the paper each week.

THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE ARCHBISHOP

THE Prime Minister's speeches have long ceased to have any point—or, if there ever is a point, it is so embedded in cotton wool that nobody can hope to extricate it. The oration which he delivered at Leeds on Tuesday was of the familiar sort. He harped again on the necessity of "National Government"—or non-party government, as he naively calls this ninety per cent. Conservative block. He stressed the magnitude of the task of which he and his colleagues had made a beginning, and promised that they would go on and on and on. . . . And he declared, excelling himself in mystification, that "we must keep ourselves in touch not only with progressive but also with retrograde movements in our advance." But the significant thing about Mr. MacDonald's speeches is not the words he uses; it is the reception they get. There was booing at Leeds—not so much as at Seaham Harbour last week, for the Leeds audience was more carefully chosen, yet enough to show the intensity of popular feeling. The *Times* speaks contemptuously of "senseless interruptions," and senseless they may be, if by that is meant that they can have no practical effect to-day or to-morrow. But they are a measure of the disgust and despair with which the working class, and many in other classes, view the large professions and the minute achievements of the National Government.

The problem of poverty—of starvation in the midst of plenty, as it now presents itself—is not an easy one for any Government to solve, and it is, as we think, incapable of solution by a capitalist Government. But it is not beyond the power of Mr. MacDonald and his friends, even on their own principles, to alleviate the miseries of the poor. Indeed, they actually claim that not only is that their object, but that their efforts, especially in regard to unemployment, are meeting with success. What are these efforts and this success? The total of the unemployed has fallen recently by several hundred thousands, and that is a matter for rejoicing. But we cannot, with the best will in the world, discover why the National Government should pocket the credit for this. On the other hand, we know that when the unemployment total was at its height they set their faces against measures for reducing it; public works of national importance were decried as "relief works," uneconomic and demoralising. True economy lay in reducing public expenditure, national and local, in the wholesale cutting of salaries and even of the benefits of the unemployed themselves. These reductions, with the refusal to undertake any new public enterprises, with the utter indifference to any conception of national planning, have in fact played a large part in retarding the recovery of trade. The cuts in benefits and the ferocious application of the means test have increased the physical suffering and the indignities of myriads of families up and down the land. Everyone knows that the "dole" at its present level is inadequate for a decent subsistence; that has been amply shown by the reports of the medical experts who have gone into the question of foodstuffs and their prices. And when the Prime Minister tells an audience of poor men and women, as he did at Seaham the other day, that we are all sharing in the cuts, he is adding insult to injury. How can you equate the sacrifice of a few hundred, or a thousand, pounds off £5,000 a year to a drop of 1*s*. 9*d*. from 17*s*. a week? Are these cuts in benefit to be restored, and if so, when? There still seems to be a grave doubt about it, despite a hint by the Prime Minister last week, and the very existence of such a doubt in present circumstances is a black mark against the National Government.

Great play will be made by the champions of the Government in their campaign with the new Unemployment Bill. The Unemployment Bill, as we have explained in these columns, is a measure that contains some good, as well as bad, features. But its essential purpose is the reorganisation of the machinery of relief, and though the new machinery may work better than the old it will not do so automatically. How it will work will, in fact, depend on the policy and spirit behind it, and unless there is a decided change of heart, not merely in the Ministry of Labour but in the Government itself, the victims of unemployment will have little to be grateful for. What is wanted in dealing with this Bill and the whole problem of which it is but a small part is what the Archbishop of York demands in the manifesto he has just issued. Dr. Temple is addressing himself particularly to Christians, but many who do not share his religious views will appreciate his social philosophy and the force of his protest. He believes that "the position of the unemployed presents a challenge to the Christian conscience which is not being faced," and he appeals for a new attitude of mind—a realisation, in a word, that unemployment to-day is not simply a misfortune or a nuisance, but a veritable curse, "an affront and poison to personality." Do the National Government and their supporters realise this—in any serious sense of the word "realise"? Their record is the short answer to that question. And when the Archbishop reminds them that "all this misery and degradation is permitted to continue in a world where the power of producing wealth, and indeed the actual production of wealth, is beyond that of all former generations," they cannot plead that it is not their fault. Whose fault is it? Mr. MacDonald never tires of repeating that he has got his mandate and that he will go on and on with it. But what was the mandate for, and when is the process of going on and on and on likely to produce something? The raising of the school age, which Dr. Temple asks for, would be a reform of immense value, not only from an educational point of view but as one remedy for unemployment. There is no sign that our mandatories are "going on" to that. Houses for the people are a crying need, and a great campaign of building would absorb a host of unemployed workers. There is no sign that the Government are thinking of that; they have wiped out the Wheatley subsidy, and are content with Sir Hilton Young's adventure in slum clearance. Slum clearance is, indeed, desirable; but it is no excuse for doing nothing (or, to be more exact, pretending that nothing is something) in the larger field of providing houses at rents which poor men can afford to pay.

The Archbishop's manifesto is, in form, an appeal and not a direct attack on the National Government. Nor is it the advocacy of any political or economic theory. That he has such a theory himself is evident, for he declares that "the Christian solution must express the Christian principles of freedom and fellowship, and this

will of necessity involve a great redistribution of power and of wealth." But neither he nor anyone else can expect the leopards in Mr. MacDonald's capitalist circus to change their anti-Socialist spots. It is doubtful whether they will turn into the kind of Christians that Dr. Temple would like to see. A little access of humanity and political service, however, may still be within the bounds of possibility. " Ah ! my working-class friends," says Mr. MacDonald at Leeds, and provokes the retort, " We are not your friends." He has only one way to make friends in Leeds, and in hundreds of other constituencies where his stock has fallen heavily. That way is not to attack the Communist Party for exploiting the unemployed, but to attack unemployment itself ; to stop hunger marches by removing hunger ; to open schools instead of closing them ; to build houses in despite of the Ministry of Health ; to get money from those who can afford to pay it and to spend it where it is needed. If these things—which are none of them revolutionary—are to be called impossible, then the National Government is an even hollower sham than we thought.

THE NEW DEAL

FOR those of us who believe that human will and intelligence can be used to shape society, Washington is the one spot on the earth's surface that rivals Moscow in interest. Not one but half a dozen major experiments in politics and economics are being tried out. The courage and resource of the President make it, even for sceptics, a fascinating and sympathetic spectacle. But it is much more than this : it will bring us the answer of history to the question whether a planned and ordered economy can be built on the foundation of private enterprise and ownership.

One thing we may now confidently say. Neither to-day, nor in the early future, will the experiment break down for lack of political authority. Mr. Roosevelt retains all his skill and all his ascendancy over public opinion, and Congress is still content to reflect the faith of the " Forgotten Man " in his champion. Wall Street has risked its first big offensive, and it has decisively failed. It chose its ground and its time not unskilfully. One may assent to the objectives which Mr. Roosevelt has set himself in his monetary policy, but its technique is questionable, and the effects at which it aims are slow in manifesting themselves. The attack was launched as recovery was visibly slowing down, after the deceptive upward rush of the summer months. The bankers led the assault ; the President's team was decimated by resignations, and Democratic dissenters, like Mr. Al Smith and Mr. Hearst, joined in the attack of the Republican regulars. This formidable rally for " sound money " wholly failed to shake the faith of the average man in the President. On the contrary, the hostility of public opinion to " big business " is still so deep-seated that the attack served rather to steady the restive van of the President's own army. The western farmers, who had not been sure that the President really is a trusty radical, could doubt him no longer, when this din from the Eastern States fell upon their ears.

The result is that Mr. Roosevelt seems to command Congress as firmly in his second session as in his first. And, meanwhile, another source of anxiety is vanishing. As one reflected on the record of the Supreme Court under the three previous administrations, one waited with considerable misgiving for its decision as to whether all this bold emergency legislation conforms to the Constitution. The first test cases have now been taken, and this source of anxiety has vanished. The law, it seems, will move with public opinion.

When one turns from the political to the economic scene, the outlook is less reassuring. The promise of midsummer was a false dawn. It is evident in retrospect that the upward rush of business activity that culminated in July was speculative ; manufacturers made haste to increase their stocks before the Codes could raise the cost of labour and raw materials. Throughout the autumn recovery lagged. Production (to take the figures for the New England States) increased from June to October by 10.4 per cent. Sales showed an increase only of a tenth of 1 per cent. These ominous figures meant that as yet neither such increased purchasing power as the worst-paid workers had got from the Codes, nor the increase in the numbers employed, neither the somewhat higher prices that the farmer received, nor the psychological influence of the " Buy Now " campaign, had availed (after the first rush) to increase effective demand substantially. With the onset of winter there came an actual set-back in the absorption of the unemployed by industry. On other " fronts " also in this vast campaign there was reason to doubt the efficacy of the first improvised expedients. Neither wage-rates nor wage-totals were moving up appreciably faster than prices. The gap between the price levels of industrial and agricultural goods was still alarming. Nor, in spite of the drastic expedient of bribing the farmers to put 40,000,000 acres out of cultivation, is it certain or even likely that over-production will be greatly lessened. The farmer sacrifices his poorest acres, and uses the subsidy to buy fertiliser for the rest. All this, perhaps, was to be expected. This republic, devoted hitherto to *laisser faire*, must improvise the technique of regulation and do it, somehow, without a trained civil service.

One might carry this hasty survey into further detail, but it may be more profitable to turn to one specific question. As usual, when the slump fell upon America, it scourged the trades that produce consumers' goods very much less severely than those that make capital and durable goods. Building, in particular, early last year had almost literally ceased. Signs of recovery were evident as the year went on in trades that supply consumers' goods. To return to the New England figures, the production of boots and shoes had by October in Massachusetts reached 90 per cent. of an estimated " normal," while cotton goods stood at 93 and woollens actually at 103. But when one turns to capital goods, the percentage ranges from 44 for electrical machinery, and 51 for foundry products, up to 66 for railway cars. An estimate by Mr. Leonard Ayres, one of the most careful and authoritative of American statisticians, showed that of the 12.2 million workers still unemployed in the later months of the summer over 5.8 millions belonged to trades producing capital and durable goods, while only half a million came from trades producing consumers' goods. The balances belonged to sundry " services " that would come fully into action, if the main body, the producers of durable goods, were employed. There, then, lay the central problem. The unemployed builders alone number over three millions.

The weakness of Mr. Roosevelt's programme lay in its neglect of this central objective. One gasped when 3,300 million dollars were appropriated for public works. But this vast sum is spread over three years, and for various reasons its expenditure has hardly begun even now. Worse still, since States and cities, after four years of slump, are nearing bankruptcy, are in fact bankrupt, their expenditure on public works is actually less than it was in Mr. Hoover's time, nor can they avail themselves of federal grants, since they have no credit on which to raise by loan their own share of the cost of these works. The result is that, apart from the naval programme and the assisted purchase of steel rails, next to nothing has been done for the constructional trades, and the new Budget, lavish in other directions, leaves this matter where it stood.

What has been done with great ingenuity and rapidity has been to set going all manner of so-called " Civil Work " schemes. These range from road repairing, and the clearing of sites for parks and aerodromes, up to tasks devised for the less able-bodied and for clerical workers—statistical surveys, and the destruction of plant-pests. Such jobs, however,

demand the minimum of material, and cannot restart construction. They may, if estimates are realised, rescue four million men from a humiliating dependence on charity, but they are timed to end by May.

Unless, then, by May assisted slum clearance and public engineering works that call for material are under way on a great scale, recovery will still halt. What scale would suffice? It is reckoned that in 1929 nearly $9,000 millions were spent on new building alone. With that measure before us, it is evident that the public works appropriation, even if it were spent at once, could only give a fillip to the constructional trades. The main demand must come from private investment.

At this point a familiar Conservative argument confronts us. Private enterprise will not do its part, because it lacks "confidence"—which means that it has no very enthusiastic hopes of profit. New issues in Wall Street have virtually ceased, and the whole financial mechanism stands idle in an attitude of non-violent non-co-operation. The bankers have been paralysed by indignation and fear, as they contemplate the Securities Act—though it is rather less severe than comparable English legislation. Potential lenders have been frightened by the wild chatter about inflation. This attitude, half sabotage, half genuine timidity, may pass, if the President holds firmly on his course. But there remains this justification for it—that the New Deal means nothing, unless it means that the owning class must content itself in future with much more modest profits. "Business men," as Secretary Wallace put it, "must never again take so large a percentage of the national income as they did in 1929."

That any sane administration must say as it looks back on the history of prosperity. The total purchasing power of the mass of wage-earners remained static throughout the boom; while profits soared, savings outran consumption; profits destroyed prosperity. But if you proclaim your resolve to limit profits, will the old incentives work? Wall Street sulks; the potential investor hoards or expatriates his savings, and recovery dallies on the threshold. The more radical of the President's followers regret that he missed his chance last March of taking over the banks and placing investment under a public directive board. But if this problem were solved, others loom up behind it. Can the mechanism avail to limit profits? Must it not base itself on the costs of the less efficient concern, and in that case will not the more efficient reap a profit far beyond the permitted percentage? Must not private enterprise strive by crooked means or straight, by dodges or by nationalisation, to defeat this central purpose of an external and improved control? History will give the answer, and decide as it gives it the fortunes of capitalistic Liberalism. This at least one may say: if the experiment should fail, it will not be for want of courage nor yet for lack of popular support.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

A LONDON DIARY

ON January 12th the *Daily Express* published a front page news-story about a woman found dying in a bungalow. The *Express* reporter retailed the whole of the first half-baked police theory without any of the usual precautions. According to this story the woman had been burnt, her night-dress had been changed by someone who had attacked her before murdering her, etc. If this story were true, the strongest suspicion rested on her husband, who was photographed in conversation with two policemen on the next page. As it turned out, however, the police theory was entirely incorrect. These confidently reported horrors never took place. Was there ever justification for giving this theory such publicity? Exactly a week later the husband, Samuel Reginald White, aged 23, threw himself under a train on the Bournemouth main line near Sway station, and was killed. It was suggested at the inquest that his suicide was the result of "gossip" connecting his name with his wife's death. For "gossip" I read "newspaper publicity," and the talk engendered by it. Experienced crime journalists have spoken to me with shocked dismay at this incident; they maintain friendly relations with the police (to whom they inevitably become indebted for advance tips and facilities of one sort or another) without blazoning the first police theory they hear in this dangerous manner. I am the more anxious to emphasise the importance of this incident because I see published in connection with another suspected murder case a composite photograph connecting different parties in the case in a way which, if such disasters are to be avoided, surely never ought to appear until after a conviction.

* * *

The Göring and Goebbels rivalry is clearly growing in Germany, but I would not prophesy, as some papers have done, an open breach or a civil war. More probably I think it will end, for the time at least, in Göring going as Ambassador to Rome. Hitler will certainly have to do something about it. A friend who follows the German press carefully tells me that in a recent issue of the *Angriff*, Goebbels' own paper, there appeared on the occasion of Göring's birthday an article signed by Goebbels himself which ended with the following ominous sentence in prominent type: "I hope that General Göring will always in future be a faithful henchman of the Leader."

* * *

Some ten years ago I made the acquaintance of Henry Morris and heard him explain his bold and original scheme for providing country people with an opportunity of educating themselves. Since then he has done in Cambridgeshire exactly what he said he would do, his most tangible achievement being the creation of the remarkable village "college" at Sawston. He planned and built the place out of his own head and in the face of persistent discouragement. It was a considerable achievement both imaginatively and practically, and it promised important results as a model for the development of a distinctively rural English culture, on a regional community basis. His schemes for improving and extending it in other zones were frustrated by the crisis, aided by the opposition of local vested interests. But where his own countrymen were hesitant a foreigner of vision has pounced, and while the educational lights of Cambridgeshire are still rubbing their eyes and wondering what to do with this strange fellow, President Roosevelt has hauled him off to America, placing at his disposal a sum of $25,000,000 to spend on rural community centres. Mr. Morris has already sailed. I gathered Mr. Roosevelt thinks the job should take him three months, though I should not be surprised if he stayed there longer. I hope, at any rate, that when the prophet returns to his own country he will not continue to be without honour.

* * *

Last week I discussed some hysterical suggestions of a correspondent to the *Times* on the subject of alcohol and motoring, and I pointed to an apparent confusion of mind between the sin of dangerous driving and the sin of drinking. Although I did my best to safeguard myself by saying that the drunken motorist ought to be punished severely, I am taken to task this week by an engaging correspondent who elects to regard me as a dare-devil fellow who likes the streets dangerous. Actually I am an arrant coward. But it's always the same—if you say that an anti-vivisectionist has overstated his case you are accused of advocating torture; if you say you disapprove of war you are told that you want to pamper youth; if you say that you doubt if Jonah was swallowed by a whale you are written off as an irreligious fellow who wants to undermine family life. My correspondent rightly points out that a good deal of cant is talked about the relation of speed to accident. It is, of course, true that there would be fewer accidents if we went slower. But he is wrong in saying that it is "so easy to envisage a speed which would abolish accidents altogether." At the risk of being accused of sadism, I must report that in the last two years I've been involved in two accidents. In both cases I was travelling very slowly indeed.

On the first occasion an excited young woman ran out of a door, across the pavement into the street and slap into *the side* of my car. She cut her head rather badly and, as if to prove my innocence, left her handbag stuck in the broken windscreen. She would have hurt herself just the same if I had been going at two miles an hour instead of twelve. My second assailant was a small boy who came out of a side street on a scooter and fell down exactly under my wheel. He was going much faster than I was. I stopped with my wheel touching his leg. The moral of which is that you do not avoid accidents by going slowly, but the accidents you do have are not as bad as they would be if you travelled fast. The only safe rule—and that is not safe—is to regard every pedestrian as a suicidal lunatic and every other motorist as a homicidal one.

* * *

Apropos of the strange beast killed while chasing a child in a Wolverhampton slum, a correspondent sends me the following neat epigram :—

Come, sup on horrors ! Here's a beast
That feeds on babies in the slums.
Of what seed did the monster come ?
None knows. But we prepared his feast.

* * *

If anyone doubts that the feudal spirit still survives in Merrie England he has only to attend a meet of hounds, as I did the other day. The pack was a private one, which gave the thing from the start the right feudal air. Hounds met in the park of the local lord of the manor, who provided free ale for all comers. The turf was trodden black with the boots of villagers, men, women and children (as well as with the car-wheels of neighbouring gentry), who stood, red and jolly-faced in the frosty sunshine, staring respectfully up at the men in pink and the squires with their ladies mounted on their horseflesh. Returning, I read in the *Bucks Advertiser* the following remarks made at an annual celebration at Winslow. You will see that blood sports are not only an amusement and an elaborate and expensive ritual. They are a social duty. The speaker was Sir Peter Farquhar, the new Joint M.F.H. of Whaddon Chase.

At the age of eighteen I very seriously considered the question of foxhunting, and decided that in the interests of the countryside fox-hunting was an absolute necessity. If it died out the whole of the rural side of England would be bound to die with it. I also thought that extraordinarily few fellows were taking an interest in it and made a determination there and then to devote my life to fox-hunting and farmers.—(Applause).

THIS ENGLAND

Readers are invited to send us cuttings suitable for inclusion in this column. Address : 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

The Rt. Reverend the Lord Bishop of Exeter deplored the falling birth-rate among the white races, and compared it with the increase of population in India, China and Japan. So far as England was concerned, it was true to say that we were at least a decadent, if not a decaying, nation. When he was a boy, all men wished to know what England had to say on international matters; nowadays it was what Japan, or even Italy, thought. This change was largely attributable to the practice of Birth Prevention : the people of England were abandoning Christian morality, and seeking their own pleasure by the sacrifice of Christian principles, but instead of pleasure they were finding pain and distress. If the old ideals had been maintained, a growing population would have been the result, and as a large population meant more work, there would be fewer unemployed.—*National Life.*

Wanted, a Lion or Bengal Tiger, tame enough to walk out with young lady to advertise film now showing ; may purchase, fair price, after fortnight's trial : present owner to take all risks meanwhile.—Advert., *Morning Post.*

Being myself in middle sixties, I know how stealthily and steadily that seventh decade saps one's powers and stiffens one's prejudices.—Lord Rothermere in the *Daily Mail.*

It is idle to deny that about the middle of January one begins to feel vaguely wilted, and that this feeling continues until the end of February. Of course, February, if I had my way, would be *obviated.* I feel that February is too much to ask of anyone.—Lady Muriel Beckwith in *Sunday Times.*

It was not a bad question to ask themselves when they had completed a design, "Does it look like the work of a gentleman ? " and should they say, "an English gentleman "?—Sir Gilbert Scott, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, reported in *Times.*

Cinema audiences grow smarter and smarter, particularly those at the Empire which continue until midnight.

The other evening I was about five yards away from Sir Philip Sassoon and ten from Lady Anne Hunloke and Lord Charles Cavendish, whose dachshund puppy Tilly has been plighted to my Schnitzel.—*Evening paper.*

The first ice-cream eating contest in England was held at Paignton last night. . . . The champion ice-cream eater was Mr. A. J. Parrish, who consumed thirty-three ices (half a gallon), and who was presented with a cheque for two guineas. . . . The judge said no doubt there would be numerous contests organised in England, but credit must be given to Paignton enterprise in holding the first competition in the country during winter time.—*Western Morning News.*

Contenders for the distinction of the Best Dressed Woman in the World will have to employ a professor of mathematics and a chartered accountant to work out the details. Roughly speaking, it will cost a shade over 1,000 guineas a day provided a certain amount of economy is exercised.—*Sunday paper.*

THE ASSYRIANS

[The writer of the following article, Lt.-Col. R. S. Stafford, was for seven years in Iraq. During last summer he was at Mosul, and as Administrative Inspector had a unique opportunity of ascertaining the facts. We should add, in regard to the proposal to enable the Assyrians to settle in Brazil, that the League Council has now appointed a special Commission to investigate the conditions of settlement there. We understand that Colonel Brown, who was Commander of the Assyrian levies in Iraq, and Major Johnson, who is a Director of the Nansen International Refugee Office, are shortly proceeding to Brazil to join another member of the Commission there. No arrangement seems to have been made by the League Council for dealing with the immediate medical and relief needs of the Assyrians, while the question of financing the suggested transit to Brazil is still to be decided. It must be remembered that Great Britain has a very special responsibility, since the League agreed to the withdrawal of the mandate and the acceptance of Iraq as a Member-State on the express assurance of the Governments of Great Britain and of Iraq that security of the Minorities which had been under British care would be guaranteed under the Iraq Government.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

I LEFT Iraq early in December. During the summer and autumn I had been acting as Administrative Inspector in Mosul. I was thus very closely concerned with the Assyrian disturbances, and both at the time and afterwards I had every opportunity of finding out what had really happened. This was at first not easy, as fantastic and exaggerated reports were being received almost hourly. Even later, when the situation was calmer, allowance had to be made for the propaganda of both sides, Iraqi and Assyrian.

Much has been written in the English press regarding the actual massacres. The truth is, I think, now known fairly accurately. But I must state that it is quite unjust to the Assyrians to assert that they deliberately attacked the Iraqi Army when they first crossed the Tigris on the evening of August 4th. The great majority of them certainly intended to surrender. On the other hand, it would be equally unjust to the Iraqi Army to assert that its troops opened fire without provocation on the Assyrians as they were crossing the river. The real truth will never be known, but it is probable that some excited individual on one side or the other let off his rifle, and that, with the existing tension, was quite enough to bring about a general engagement.

It is now admitted that the subsequent massacres were the work of the Iraqi Army. These massacres were carried out by disciplined troops under the command of their officers.

Far from "these excesses having received the condemnation which they deserved," the officers have been praised and promoted. The officer in command, Bekir Sidqi, whose orders to his troops were carried out to the letter, on his return to Baghdad motored through the streets amid the plaudits of an enthusiastic crowd, sitting on the right hand of the Prime Minister. For, however much responsible Iraqis may deplore these excesses—and in private many express their genuine disgust—no one in Iraq has yet stated publicly that the Army behaved otherwise than well.

My investigations have led me to consider that about six hundred Assyrians lost their lives, considerably fewer than stated at first. Of these at least five hundred were murdered in cold blood by the Army. The Kurds, as a whole, behaved much better than expected. In only two places were they guilty of real atrocities, though they killed Assyrians in other places during their robbing and looting. They, the Arabs and even the Yezidis, did much looting, and they had been encouraged to do so. In all, sixty-four Assyrian villages were looted. Seven were burnt out, in many others the houses were destroyed by the removal of the wooden roofs. All except the most portable of the household goods were looted. In these villages practically all the grain and two-thirds of the live-stock were lost. The Assyrians, at a conservative estimate, must have lost £50,000 worth of property. And those who suffered most were, as with the killed, those who had taken no part in the exodus to Syria, and who had committed no offence whatever against the Government.

Though the Iraqi Government promised full compensation to those innocent victims, very little has been done. Less than 5 per cent. of the loot has been recovered, though it is known where much of it is. In about twelve villages the roofs have been rebuilt. When I left Mosul, out of these sixty-four villages, thirty-three were still empty, seven were partly and twenty-four entirely reoccupied. It has been very difficult to induce the Assyrians who are back in their villages to sow their winter crop. They are cowed and dispirited. Indeed, even in villages untouched by the looting there is a tendency to sit down and do nothing. Nothing that the Iraqi Government has done is likely to restore their confidence. The attempts to drive the terrified and destitute Assyrians back to their ruined villages at the point of the machine gun, as happened at Algosh, naturally had the opposite effect.

It is generally agreed that the Assyrians, or such as wish to do so, must leave Iraq. The Council of the League has appointed a committee to try to find a place for them to go to. This will not be easy. The only place suggested so far is Brazil. The climate is very different from that of Northern Iraq, but no other place at present appears to be available.

My own opinion is that not less than 90 per cent. of the Assyrians in Iraq—or perhaps 20,000 in all—will want to go. But they do not all want to go to the same place. There is a party opposed to the Mar Shimun. This party, though anxious to leave Iraq, has stated again and again that it will not settle anywhere with the Mar Shimun.

The question of the costs of transport and resettlement is difficult. It has been estimated that it will cost upwards of £120 to transport and resettle each family. Probably 4,000 families will wish to go. The total cost, therefore, will be about £500,000. Who will pay? The Iraqi Government has officially promised to assist within the limit of its resources, but no one has suggested that it can pay more than £100,000. And I must say, here, that even before I left Baghdad objections were being raised to paying anything at all. The Iraqis say that they never asked the Assyrians to come to Iraq, nor are they in any way responsible for their misfortunes. Had it not been for the happenings of last summer these arguments must have had some weight, though perhaps Iraqis do not fully appreciate that but for the hundred of millions expended by Great Britain there would be no Iraq at all to-day. The Assyrians, or, at any rate, those who were not looted, should pay something. It would be a very great mistake if they were to suffer any further pauperisation. Their refugee mentality is already terribly developed. But who will pay the rest? It is hardly likely that the nations belonging to the League will be willing to contribute, and in this case the responsibility appears to be on the British and Iraqi Governments. Perhaps the best solution would be the issue of a loan guaranteed by Great Britain. There is no reason why the Assyrians should not, in course of time, repay this loan, as the Armenians are doing in Syria.

In the meantime, the position of the refugees in Mosul and in the villages in Dohuk and Sheikhan is serious. The Iraq Government has established a relief camp in Mosul for the destitute women and children. This is most efficiently run by Major Thomson, who came out in June to carry out the Assyrian land settlement, according to the undertaking given by Iraq to the Council of the League in November, 1932. It costs £200 a week and has a population of 1,550. But outside the camp there is much destitution. There has been a considerable influx into Mosul, where there must now be nearly 4,000 Assyrians. About sixty are in employment. The rest are living on charity. Attempts have been made to induce them to go out into the villages, but these attempts have failed. For reasons stated above, there is no confidence. It is unfortunate that the Iraqi Government has refused to return more than a very small number of rifles to those Assyrians who never should have been disarmed at all, while at the same time it has distributed nearly 1,000 rifles to the Kurds. The situation in the Sheikhan villages is no better than in Mosul. When I last visited them at the end of October, the villagers were too dejected even to complain—an unusual thing with Assyrians.

Fortunately there is no fear of any further disturbances on a large scale in the immediate future. The villagers in Sheikhan and Dohuk are too cowed. The presence of an exceptionally able Qaimaqam in Amadiyah, where the Assyrians were little affected by the troubles of last summer, and where they are still somewhat truculent, is a fairly good safeguard.

But it is essential that the Assyrians should be removed from Iraq as soon as possible. They are a very difficult people, with a genius for irritating even sympathetic persons who have to deal with them. And the ordinary Iraqi official is far from patient and is not now sympathetic. It is, therefore, earnestly to be hoped that new homes will be found for them and the financial obstacles overcome. It is also essential that some relief should be provided for the destitution in and around Mosul. Perhaps the League of Nations can do something. Its prestige, as well as that of Great Britain, has already suffered greatly in Iraq.

R. S. STAFFORD

BUILDING THE CHARACTER

MANY parents are in a quandary in these days as to the right way of bringing up children. Is it better to let them run wild or to get wild with them when they run wild? Should education be a "leading-out," as some of the moderns have put it, or a birching-in as the stricter sect of schoolmasters have believed? Does the young human being attain strength of character more surely by being left to experiment with life at his own sweet will or by being broken-in like a colt?

The rival schools of character-building contradict each other at almost every point. One cannot help wondering at times whether each of them, however dogmatic its utterances, is not simply guessing.

Amid all this confusion it is pleasant to find a new voice which, ignoring both the usual theories, proclaims another and a simpler way of building up the character. He is an authority on racing, and therefore a man who is in touch with the hard facts of life. He propounds his theory in the course of some comments on the death of Kilcash Hill, the favourite for the Grand National. This, as everybody knows, came as a great blow to many quiet betting-men who had backed him in the spring double. "If ever a horse," as the writer says, "looked a prospective National winner, he did. But death

steps in and drives another nail in the coffin of ante-post betting." Commiserating with backers, and still more with the owner and trainer of the horse, the writer adds: "Racing people, however, get in the habit of taking things like this with a shrug of the shoulder. There is no finer school for learning how to take disappointment with a smile than the race-course. It is a great character-builder."

Strange that this had never struck me before. I had often thought that the study of form and of the weights assigned to the various horses in a big handicap was the best possible training for the mind; but, having been brought up in Puritanical surroundings, I had never been quite happy about the influence of the Turf on the moral nature. I gathered early in life that young men who lost money in betting had a way of paying the bookmaker out of their employers' till. The Turf, as I read about it in fiction and especially in Sunday-school fiction, seemed to be thronged with the lowest characters imaginable. Besides, it was generally agreed, betting was a sin. The betting-man, it was said, was always trying to get other people's money without giving them any return for it—a proceeding that looked uncommonly like stealing. Never once during my childhood did I hear a good word spoken for a gambler—except a successful gambler on the Stock Exchange. On the Stock Exchange the thing was business: on the race-course and at the card-table, it was pleasure and, therefore, to be spoken of with a shudder. If I had heard that one of my uncles betted, I should have looked on him as a degraded character. So firmly was I convinced of the degradation of the Turf that I arrived at the age of sixteen without ever having put a shilling on a horse.

Alas, if my teachers had but known the ennobling effects of betting, what subsequent failures in the conduct of life I should have been spared! I should have become inured to disappointment almost in the nursery, and should have been all but indistinguishable from the hero of Mr. Kipling's *If* by the time I first went into long trousers. "You'll be a man, my son." No elder spreading the sporting page of the *Northern Whig* before my fledgling eyes incited me to seek the moral altitudes with so inspired a summons. Rather I was encouraged to model myself on Alexander the Great, Galileo and David Livingstone, and all sorts of men who had never backed a horse in their lives.

The moral of my life, as I now look back on it, seems to be that one ought not to put off beginning to bet till one is sixteen years old. Sixteen is too late. By that time the character is half-formed and it is almost impossible to learn to take disappointment with a shrug of the shoulder. I certainly could not do so when Easter Gift lost the race for the Goodwood Stewards' Cup; I was distracted. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I read the news. Had I not been told that Easter Gift was a certainty? Had I not, after making the bet, met a funeral—a certain presage of good fortune? Had I not, in order to make good fortune doubly sure, turned and walked with the funeral, though whose funeral it was I had not the vaguest notion? It may seem heartless to pay courtesy to the dead for so selfish an end, but then I was young and poor, and I had plunged on Easter Gift to the extent of five shillings. And it was not only the loss of the five shillings that I deplored; worse still was the loss of the five pounds that I should have won if he had won, for he started at 20 to 1. It took me several months, scrimping and saving to recover from the effects of that loss, and by that time I had lost a considerable part of my faith in the benevolence of the universe.

Consider how different it might have been if I had been educated on less Puritanical lines—if the charming ladies who gave me my first schooling, instead of teaching me the length of the rivers of China and the areas of the American lakes, had made a book and invited the boys and girls to stake their pennies on horses engaged in the day's races. No honest man can contend that learning the length of rivers and the area of lakes helps to strengthen the character. On the other hand, what a grim jaw I must have acquired if day after day I had had to listen to my schoolmistress saying: "Keep a stiff upper lip, Y. You've lost again. Bulldog Bill was beaten at the post," or "Don't cry, Y. You're down twopence to-day. Ophelia and Suet Pudding are both among the also rans." Gradually, I should have got so accustomed to such news that the defeat of a horse would have seemed one of the commonplaces of life and I should have heard of it without the movement of a facial muscle.

And what a preparation this would have been for the ups and downs of human existence—especially for the downs. I should probably, by the mere process of continually losing, have acquired the impassivity of a Red Indian. "My head," I should have learned to murmur, as each new penny disappeared into my schoolmistress's pocket, "is bloody but unbowed." There is much to be said for this early schooling in stoicism. Learn to lose money, if not cheerfully at least with indifference, while you are young, and you will have mastered the first lesson in Roman virtue.

I am not sure, however, that poker is not even a more efficient school of virtue than the race-course. To be able to go through life with a poker-face, revealing neither undue elation in success nor dejection in calamity, looking merely bored on discovering that one has been dealt a royal flush—is not that evidence of the possession of the perfect self-control that the philosophers have commended? With such self-control as this, one would be able to emulate the beautiful guardsman of Ouida's *Under Two Flags*. One could become a hero like the Scarlet Pimpernel. One would also get on very well in business if no one could guess from one's expression whether one was bluffing or not. Hence, it seems to me desirable that a poker-class should be instituted in every elementary school. The children who lost all their sweet-shop money would at first be extremely depressed; but, under the influence of an inspiring teacher, who taught them control of the facial muscles and the lachrymatory glands, they would in time acquire the stern, unbending gravity of card-sharpers. They would be able to stand like rocks through the storms of life, when those who had never learnt to play poker were bowled over like saplings.

One cannot help feeling optimistic about the future of education when one reflects how many of the sources of character-making still remain untapped. We have tried games and we have tried fox-hunting, and, though these have undoubtedly a fortifying effect on the character, something has still been wanting. Footballers, through lack of self-control, have been known to strike other footballers during play. Fox-hunters are fine and fearless men, but some of them lack that all-roundness of character that we desiderate in the perfect man. Even Greek and Latin leave many a man unprotected alike against the arrows of temptation and the arrows of fate. Nor do mathematics train young men and women to face disappointment with a shrug of the shoulder. I have known a mathematician who would go raving mad if he found he had given a beggar a shilling in mistake for a halfpenny.

Hence the educationists would do well to consider the potentiality of betting and gambling as character-formers. Let them at least try the experiment of building a casino in the grounds of every school, where roulette and chemin-de-fer could be played in the intervals between severer studies and where a penny tote would enable the boys to practise self-control by losing money on horses. It is my conviction that, if this innovation were generally adopted, the results would be surprising.

Even in men and women it is possible that the character can be encouraged to grow in strength by similar measures. I, myself, am possibly an exception in being unable to learn to take unpleasant things with a shrug of the shoulder, and in finding my character growing progressively weaker. More fortunate people may at this moment be looking forward to the week of the Lincolnshire and the Grand National as the beginning of a long spell of character-training that will last till the Manchester November Handicap. How I envy them

that training of the moral muscles! Fain would I, too, possess that stiff upper lip acquired by backing an outsider at forty to one who fails in the Lincoln and a still greater outsider at one hundred to one, who falls at Becher's Brook the first time round in the Grand National. How rich in moral fibre, if poor in pocket, most of them will be at the end of the season! By November England should be largely populated by disappointed moral giants. But they will not show their disappointment. Not they. Just a shrug of the shoulder and a smile. That is what it is to have formed one's character of that great character-builder, the race-course. Y. Y.

THE CONFIDENCE TRICK

Under Fascism the people . . . would have greater power over an elected Government. . . . The first act of a Fascist majority would be to confer complete power of action by order of the Government.—Sir Oswald Mosley, at Birmingham.

So, Sir Oswald, you claim that the ultimate goal
Of the Fascist is pure Democratic Control.
('Tis a creed that may serve for consumption at home,
Though I shouldn't advise it for export to Rome.)
But (I know you'll forgive me) I've always a leaning,
When fine phrases are uttered, to seek for the meaning;
And it seems to be this—you've no rooted objection
To be slid into power by a General Election;
But when (never mind how) you've achieved a majority,
You will use it to give you unfettered authority,
And abolish all checks on the chance which it brings
To do—never mind what, but most wonderful things!
(I would venture a guess that they'd put beyond doubt
Our chances of peaceably turning you out).
You would grant us, in short (fruit refreshing of savour!),
Full freedom to write a blank cheque in your favour,
But your personal pride would be deeply offended
By control of the way that our cheque is expended.
Well, thanks for the warning—few snares, I have heard,
Are successfully spread in the sight of the bird,
And the average voter is hardly so thick
As to fall for so simple a confidence trick.
It might do very well in the land of *bambini*,
But we're English, you know, and you're—not Mussolini.
Picturesque is your garb, and persuasive your patter;
But we put our trust less in Black Shirts than grey matter.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

PRONUNCIATION

SIR,—There is really no such thing as " the " English Language. The English speaking inhabitants of this planet use a great variety of closely allied dialects, among which the principal difference is one of pronunciation. These linguistic groups have both social and geographic boundaries; each has its own specific variation of our tongue, and each has a perfectly good claim that this variation is English. The Lancashire spinner, the American film star, the Glasgow tradesman, the London taxi-driver, the Oxford don—each of these, to mention but a few examples, has a language which, in vowel sounds, in intonation, and in accent, differs from all the others. Each of these variations is a whole in itself; it is a living language, changing from decade to decade, influenced no doubt in this change by the other groups of English-speakers, but still at any given time homogeneous except for the marginal cases where the change is actually taking place. If a taxi-driver were to talk of driving me from " Westminster " to " Cundit " Street I should suspect him of affectation in his last two words; and if Mr. Pearsall Smith were to talk to me of " Condewit " Street I should know that he was pulling my leg.

In this situation arrives the B.B.C. which has to engage Announcers to address all these different groups simultaneously. What are they to do? No Pentecostal solution is feasible; it is quite impossible to invent a sort of Volapuk English which will coincide with all these different variations. There seem only two alternatives; to have a strictly fair rota of Announcers from each of the various groups—one day Americans, next day Cockneys, next Welshmen, and so on; or else to plump for one particular group, and engage Announcers from that only. As we all know, it is the latter alternative that has been adopted by the B.B.C. All their Announcers belong to the group that we may call the Metropolitan Educated; and theirs is the language of the B.B.C.

The rest follows; if an Announcer is doubtful about any word, he does not want to find out how the costermongers pronounce it, far less extend his researches to America and the Dominions; he needs the opinions of representatives of his own language group. It is his own language that the B.B.C. want him to speak. With their present Announcers, then, the B.B.C. requires simply a committee of educated English men and women (preferably not philological experts) who should decide on their own pronunciation of the word in question, and submit it privately. If, on any particular occasion, the committee finds itself unable to agree, it may justly conclude that the word is one of those marginal cases where the language is in the act of changing and the Announcer should be left free to make his choice.

I think our objection to the present Advisory Committee is not that " Condewit " is not a perfectly good English pronunciation, but that (the Announcers being what they are) they are giving an entirely false impression of the pronunciation of the group I have called the Metropolitan Educated. OLIVER STRACHEY

53 Marsham Street,
S.W.1.

SAFETY SECOND

SIR,—It is discouraging to find " Critic," whom one had placed among one's friends, arguing against the limitation of the alcoholic freedom of motorists. It strengthens the conviction which has lately been forced on my unwilling mind that, in spite of the propaganda of the Safety First Association, no one really wants safety *first*. The most timid among us enjoy adventure; and the joy of adventure, I assume, is enhanced by a glass or two. That may be especially the case among the class of people who, to judge by the reports of coroners' inquests, form a preponderant element among motorists—men (usually married) who pick up a lady (of undefined status) at a public house, and take her for a run.

The disposition I have noted is evident in all discussions on the question of speed. We are given statistics to prove that increase of speed does not involve increase of risk. No one, of course, can possibly believe that contention. It is so easy to envisage a speed—of twenty, ten, five or two miles an hour—limitation to which would abolish accidents altogether. Yet during the last week a paragraph has been quoted in all the newspapers drawing attention to the high casualty figures in a year before the speed limit was abolished, with the implication that speed is not the enemy. Whereas we all know that the limit was everywhere exceeded before its abolition.

We are slowly realising—I speak now of my own limited class of elderly and timid pedestrians—that the imposition of any speed limit or other restriction in the interests of safety is impossible. We see the pointsmen on duty impatiently urging on the laggards. We know that the magistrate or the coroner who will try the case will drive down to Court at the highest speed practicable, and will probably take a nip or two before he starts. We know that he will pronounce a severe rebuke on the pedestrian who attempts to cross the street without looking in every possible direction, and also ascertaining how fast the car is driving which will presently emerge round the corner ten yards away. We know that it is our fate, sooner or later, to be run down, and to have such a rebuke pronounced over our corpses.

And to this we are becoming resigned. What matter? Many a time I have been half in love with easeful death. In the city, the blare of horns, the sudden gun-shot of the back-fire, the grind and whirr of engines badly driven or outworn, are a perpetual torture; replaced, if I stay indoors, by the eternal jazz band and vacuous tremolo crooning of my neighbour's radio. In the country, the exquisitely lovely winding lanes which were my favourite haunts are replaced by broad motor highways on which the average speed is sixty. No one now enjoys their beauty. To " stand and stare," the happy pastime recommended by Mr. W. H. Davies, has become a criminal offence, endangering the safety of motorists who, for their part, dare not look round.

So be it. But if I could identify the motorist who will one day be condemned by my carelessness to be my executioner, I

would beg him not to blare out at me with the cock-a-doodle squawk of triumph which usually greets me when I run from peril. Let him give me at least a gentlemanly farewell on a single note of grave compassion. F. J. NEWBOULT

17 Chesham St., Bradford.

["Critic" replies to this letter in the London Diary.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

WORLD AIRWAYS

SIR,—How much would it cost to internationalise civil aviation? I am writing on behalf of the committee responsible for *World Airways—Why Not?* to put before you some figures which we received too late for inclusion in the report.

We reckoned that the compensation required for the major aircraft operating companies of Europe (excluding the U.S.S.R.—a large omission), would come to 10 to 12 million pounds, on the basis of nominal capital. For aviation development in the U.S.S.R. see *Essential News*, March 18th, 1933, pp. 12, 13. But, in addition, the ground services (now provided mainly by national Governments) will also have to be taken over and very greatly expanded by World Airways. Expenditure on development should exceed expenditure on compensation. The following is a very rough calculation, based on the experience of the U.S.A.:—

World Air Routes (January 1st, 1932) ..	190,000	miles
Europe, excluding U.S.S.R. (routes flown under the flag of European nations—hence some duplication in the figures)	85,000	"
U.S.S.R., Japan, Siam, S. Africa	40,000	"
U.S.A.	51,000	"
Latin America	37,000	"
Australia	7,000	"
Canada	6,000	"

The cost of constructing a route on the U.S. Federal Airways System varies of course with differences in *terrain*, the number of intermediate landing fields required, and other considerations; but, according to the U.S. Department of Commerce, if we assume that municipal or commercial airports already exist for use as terminals at either end, the approximate cost of constructing a 1,000-mile air route will be:—

Lighting and intermediate landing fields ..	$330,000
Teletypewriter service	33,000
Radio (6 combined radio broadcasting and radio range beacon stations £34,000 each) ..	204,000
Five Class B radio marker beacons ($3,750 each)	18,750
Total	$585,750

This gives us (at par) a rough figure of £120,000 per 1,000 miles, and on that basis it would cost (very roughly) £8–£10½ million to equip the existing air-routes of Europe, excluding the U.S.S.R.—and including the U.S.S.R., Japan, Siam and South Africa, £15,000,000; to equip the whole world's existing air routes for flying in all weathers, day and night, if none were already equipped, would cost just under £23,000,000.

Readers are warned not to take these figures too seriously; but they may be useful as a sketchy scale for estimating the amount of the first international issue of capital for World Airways. If a vast programme of development were undertaken, yet the financing would be manageable, especially when distributed among the countries of the world in such a way that none should have more than a certain proportion. JONATHAN GRIFFIN

Essential News,
65 Portland Place, W.1.

LEGALISATION OF ABORTION

SIR,—Dr. Harry Roberts indicates in his interesting article that he is inclined, on the whole, to approve the present position of the artificial termination of pregnancy being illegal except when done on serious medical grounds; but he sympathetically recognises that many doctors of the younger generation to-day feel that they should have greater freedom in the matter. I beg he will consider my liberal and, in the long run, sufficiently eugenic proposal that abortion and sterilisation should be freely available on demand to any person with two children. The recommendation of the Departmental Committee on Sterilisation that this method of birth control should not be available to normal persons is illiberal and unscientific. B. DUNLOP, M.B.

171 Queen's Gate, S.W.7.

SIR,—Is not the inference from Dr. Roberts' admirable article in your last week's issue, the necessity for the legalisation of abortion in suitable cases—the definition of suitable being subject to such safeguards as the recent report of the Committee on Sterilisation has suggested in their field? I should like to add to Dr. Roberts' cases that of Doris Taylor, a girl now in prison, who is about to give birth to an unwanted and illegitimate child without any means for its support. She has already on two occasions attempted suicide, this being the offence for which she is now in prison. The theory of the law is that she is to remain in prison, in order successfully to bear a child the coming of which seems to her the destruction of the foundations of her life.

FRIDA LASKI

EQUAL PAY

SIR,—In an Editorial reply to "Male Teacher" you suggest that one obvious way of meeting the difficulty he raises is to be found in some system of Family Endowment. May I elaborate this a little?

The old plea that "men have families to keep" represents, I believe, something more than a convenient shelter thrown up to cover male selfishness and sex-injustice. Male Teacher and those who think like him have a real case which cannot altogether be answered by any appeal to abstract justice, but which until it is answered will continue to prove a very formidable obstacle to the attainment of Equal Pay.

The strength of it lies in the indisputable fact that even with the sex-supplement the school master with two or three children to keep has a pretty hard struggle to make ends meet, and when the financial strain of child dependency is greatest it is rarely possible for him to maintain a standard of life at all comparable to the claims and responsibilities of his profession.

It is widely recognised that the recent "cut" has hit such men particularly hard and when the salaries scale comes up for revision their claims—unless they can be met in some other way—will prove a real stumbling block to any chance of improving the relative position of the women.

The weakness of the men-have-families argument, on the other hand, is that it bases a claim to favoured treatment for a whole sex on conditions which apply only to a minority. The 1921 Census gave us the figures for dependency in the teaching profession: of every 100 men 66 had no children under sixteen years of age, while only 17 had two or more. It is obvious from this that any attempt to make provision for family needs along the lines of sex is monstrously unfair not only to the women teachers, but also to the very class it is intended to benefit. The relief afforded to the fathers of actual children is the less the more widely it is spread over the "shadow" children of their colleagues.

Both the women and the family men have suffered from our muddled attempt to make salaries serve a double function. They must be not only a payment for work done, but also the only channel through which society provides for its own continuity. Family allowances represent an attempt to separate these two functions by providing directly for child dependency, and so leaving the salary proper free from irrelevant considerations of sex and of need. Taking teachers of all grades an allowance of £20 for each child up to 12 years of age, and £40 from 12 to 18 years of age could be secured by a charge of only 2 per cent. on the total salaries bill. The advantage of such a scheme in the teaching profession would be two-fold—the real burden of dependency could be provided for more adequately than at present, and could be provided for at a lower cost, leaving a greater proportion of the salaries bill for the reward of ability, experience and special qualifications.

The Family Endowment Society MARJORIE GREEN,
Thames House, Millbank, S.W.1. Secretary

THE CODEX

SIR,—We notice with great regret that there is a possibility that the British Museum may be forced to re-sell the Codex Sinaiticus recently purchased from the Russian Government. In our view, the loss of this remarkable manuscript would be a national misfortune, and we feel that you may, perhaps, permit us to trespass on your space so far as to offer our testimony, based on a lifetime spent in handling books and manuscripts, that this Codex is a heritage from antiquity which posterity will prize even more than we do to-day. The price to be paid for it has been criticised as being too high. Such a criticism has frequently been offered in the history of literature whenever a remarkable object has fetched a record price. There was a time when it was

thought that £500 was a lunatic valuation for a first folio Shakespeare, now worth nearly thirty times as much.

Your readers may rest assured that every one of them who contributes a sovereign towards the cost of this venerable relic is performing a service to his fellow countrymen, now, and in times to come. WM. FOYLE

W. and G. Foyle, Ltd.,
119–125 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

INSULIN

SIR,—In your issue of the 6th January, 1934, the secretary of Messrs. Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd., of Nottingham, refers to a letter in a previous issue signed by "A Fortunate Diabetic," and states that in 1929 Danish Insulin was put on the English market at 1s. 8*d*. per 100 units.

As the importers of Danish Insulin, we feel obliged to correct this statement. The retail price in 1929, as correctly stated by "A Fortunate Diabetic," was 1s. 6*d*. per 100 units.

Trusting you will publish this correction.

C. L. Bencard, Ltd., C. L. BENCARD,
"Yalding House, Director
152-156 Great Portland Street, W.1.

ENGLISH PAINTING

SIR,—I owe Mr. Underwood an apology for my stupidity in failing to realise that his *Short History of English Painting* should be judged by lower standards than the other books which the English Exhibition has provoked. He declares it written for "the girl in the cinema." I concur with him in thinking it admirably adapted to its purpose, provided one can presume as he does that such an aim involves an automatic exemption from the obligations of accuracy and coherence on which a better-educated public might insist.

The remainder of Mr. Underwood's letter confirms my criticism of his partiality for the irrelevant. His pride in the fifty contemporary painters listed (not, if I may say so, discussed) in his last chapters does as little as his flattering assumption of my scholastic status to dissuade me from the belief that his book is a model of everything that a practical introduction to painting should not be. JOHN POPE-HENNESSY

Balliol College, Oxford.

DIMITROV'S MOTHER

SIR,—Madame Dimitrov is ill in Leipzig, worn out with her efforts to secure the release of her son and his companions, journeying between Leipzig and Berlin to interview officials, calling at the prison daily, sometimes allowed to see Dimitrov, sometimes not. With her are a daughter, and Madame Tanev, wife of the student-prisoner. None of these women speaks any language but Bulgarian, or has any money of her own. The German Government has refused to allow their Bulgarian lawyer and interpreter, Mr. Danovsky, to remain with them.

But for the help which can be sent to them by sympathisers they would be penniless, alone and friendless in a town where no German dare help them. Our committee, in face of all the difficulties, has kept a woman friend with them, and supplied further legal aid. Miss Woodman, who has had to return to London, has been replaced by Mrs. Amabel Williams-Ellis, the well-known authoress. Another friend will have to take her place next week.

We cannot add to Dimitrov's martyrdom by leaving his old mother to wage this struggle alone. Our committee needs funds to continue its work of providing food and shelter for these brave women, maintaining legal and interpretive help for them, and keeping a woman friend with them.

Contributions earmarked "Dimitrov Fund," can be sent to us as joint treasurers, c/o German Relief Committee, 1 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. ELLEN WILKINSON,
IVOR MONTAGUE

KARL MARX'S GRAVE

SIR,—"Codifer" is wrong in suggesting that the bones of Karl Marx are "preserved and cared for" by the Anglican Church.

They lie with those of some of his relatives in the lower half of Highgate Cemetery in that portion reserved for non-Anglicans. The tombstones to the right and left of his commemorate pious Nonconformists who "rest in the Lord" and "sleep in Jesus" respectively, but not far off are the graves of George Eliot and Herbert Spencer. DAVID FREEMAN

3 Cleve Road, West Hampstead, N.W.6.

Miscellany

PAINTERS AS BUYERS

WHEN Mr. Gerald Kelly empanelled his jury of painters, by the courtesy of the *Times* described as "artists," to decide whether the Castle Howard portrait of Henry VIII was a good picture, and by implication whether it was by Holbein, perhaps he made himself and his friends a little ridiculous, but certainly he raised an interesting question. If he made himself ridiculous it was by choosing for jurors eight gentlemen, only one of whom could be reckoned by competent opinion an artist. That was unfortunate. But the unluckiness of his choice nowise diminished the importance of the question, or questions rather, that he raised. They are two: (*a*) To what extent, and in what circumstances, are artists trustworthy judges of art? (*b*) Assuming that to some extent and in some circumstances they are trustworthy, when and how should the State make use of their critical faculties?

As a rule, painters' taste is seen to greatest advantage in a painter's studio. There, surprisingly often, you will come upon an unlikely picture, the work of some unknown or much despised limner, to startle you with its unexpected beauty. No expert, you exclaim, would have hit upon that. Now go with the painter to a representative collection: the outing, I predict, will be at once a treat and a vexation. You will be delighted when he picks out some exquisite passage or technical felicity, hitherto unperceived by you, in a masterpiece which you had supposed you knew by heart, or when he stops before some unconsidered trifle poked away in a corner and convinces you by enthusiastic appreciation that it too is a masterpiece—a little masterpiece; on the other hand, you will be infuriated by his wilful unresponsiveness to many, if not most, of the greatest pictures, or rather by his passionate and absurdly expressed hostility.

Furious you should not be; for he is being quite honest and quite natural. For him good art is, in contemporary painting, art more or less like his own; in ancient, things that more or less back him up. Those old masters who seem to encourage and confirm him in his purpose, he loves and understands with a love and understanding passing that of critics and experts. But every accepted masterpiece painted out of a conviction widely different from his own is for him an implied criticism—an enemy. Wherefore, to any work of art that seems to contradict his theory or practice he is at best blind, at worst hostile. Of course this is not true of all, but it is true of the vast majority of artists. Run your mind over recent history and you will find that it bears me out. The followers of Cézanne denounced the Impressionists and the eighteenth century and admired the Primitives and Byzantines. The Impressionists reviled Ingres and David and all their brood, but adored Constable, Turner and the eighteenth century. Ingres worshipped Raffael and abhored Rubens. Delacroix, or his romantic followers at all events, worshipped Rubens and despised Raffael. And in literature the story is much the same: only think of the attitude of the Lake poets and the English romantics to the school of Dryden and Pope. That very sensibility which makes the artist exquisitely appreciative of recondite beauties in works which appear to be "on his side" makes him hypersensitive to the implied criticism in works which are not.

There are, of course, such people as eclectic artists, though they are extremely rare and generally not of the first order; but even they lack, as a rule, the knowledge, the memory, the trained attention, essential, if not to the critic, at any rate to him who would buy pictures for a national collection. Let me give one example. A friend of mine, an expert, was showing, or rather trying to show, the pictures in the Ashmolean to an unusually erudite French painter. But the painter could find nothing to please him. In despair my friend led him to the lovely little Uccello. "To begin with, that's not by Uccello," snarled the painter. The explanation is simple.

The painter had in mind only two Uccellos, the one in the Louvre and the other in the National Gallery. He had not studied the master; probably he had never looked long or carefully into a single one of his works. For him Uccello was a painter of decorative battle-pieces. When he had been persuaded that this, too, was Uccello, he began to take notice and discover qualities. That is all very well for a painter; but had this lovely little masterpiece been going at auction for an old song, the artist would have missed and the expert would have bought it.

I have little love for experts, and they have none for me. I am acutely aware of their faults: their self-complacency, their ludicrous over-confidence in making attributions, their habit of giving great names, on purely unaesthetic grounds, to bad pictures. I, too, have suffered. Also, it is here, I think, in this matter of giving a picture a big name and buying it, that artists might exert a useful control. Nevertheless, one must bear in mind that experts, though liable to buy bad old pictures, are, on the whole, unlikely to miss good ones (in contemporary art, of course, there are no experts, only critics); whereas artists may out of prejudice and loyalty reject anything. So, if, in choosing buyers, we have got to choose between experts and artists, my vote, for what it is worth, goes to the former. The artists are too narrow, too passionate and too hasty. They cannot be bothered to peer into pictures which do not appeal to them at first sight; though it must not be supposed that I am accusing them in general of that impressive celerity to which Prof. Tonks lays claim when he writes of the Castle Howard portrait: "I saw the picture this morning. It did not take me a minute to make up my mind that it was a bad one." Why, it took me longer to come to a similar conclusion about Prof. Tonks. What I do say is that I have seldom or never seen a painter devote to a superficially unattractive work that serious and prolonged attention which is essential sometimes to the discovery of great qualities lying hid beneath a tiresome presentment.

The ideal purchaser, it seems to me, would be of an eclectic taste. Preferences in periods, schools and temperaments assuredly he will have, but it would be reasonable to expect him not to be violently prejudiced against any. He should possess so wide a knowledge of painting that in an apparently uninteresting picture he would recognise a single passage reminiscent of some master or masterpiece; for that recognition would lead him to consider the picture more closely, and that closer consideration might reveal a great work of art. Lastly, he must be a man of infinite patience; for art is long, and works of art have a way of discovering themselves slowly. Now these are qualities which, in combination, I have rarely noticed in those artists with whom I have had the pleasure of visiting picture-galleries.

Is there, then, no place for artists' opinion—admittedly valuable to some extent and in some circumstances—in the national purchasing system? I think there is a place. At least I can see no objection to the appointment of an advisory committee of artists: only to be useful such a committee must be selected on principles very different from those by which Mr. Kelly appears to have been guided. May I recall the names of the members of his jury? Mr. Gerald Kelly, A.R.A., Prof. Sir William Rothenstein, Mr. Walter Russell, R.A., Prof. Tonks, Mr. W. T. Mannington, A.R.A., Mr. Wilson Steer, Prof. Schwabe, Prof. Allan Gwynne-Jones, Prof. Brown. Now may I submit an alternative list? Mr. Walter Sickert, A.R.A., Mr. Augustus John, R.A., Mr. Steer, Mr. Duncan Grant, Mr. Paul Nash, Mr. Henry Lamb, Mr. Gertler, Mr. Stanley Spencer, A.R.A., Mr. Ben Nicholson. I do not think any unprejudiced person would deny that this list is more representative and considerably more impressive.

What the functions of such a committee should be is matter for discussion. Primarily, maybe, these artists would be useful as pointers and setters, bringing to the notice of officials interesting and anonymous things that had come their way. Also they would be in a position to criticise officially the judgment of experts who seemed to be thinking of names and dates—as likely as not their own attributions—rather than of artistic significance. But in no circumstances do I think they should have the last word; that had much better remain with the head of the gallery or museum in which the proposed purchase would ultimately find a home.

CLIVE BELL

STAR-GAZING AGAIN

DURING the present theatrical season in London the emphasis has fallen, to a greater extent than is usual, on the players. The "star" system has been enriched and re-established. The theatre of general entertainment, once frowningly described by the high-minded as "commercial drama," has always depended, and will always depend, on Popular Favourites. The high-minded ran a special line in Unpopular Favourites, but they never called these dour darlings by any name so vulgar as that of "star." Within recent years the film industry, recruiting its armies of "fans" with all the drums and fanfares of "publicity," has made star-creation the first business of showmanship, and the popular theatre cannot afford to forget it. What has distinguished recent stage-history has been the reconciliation of the more serious playgoer with the star-system.

The old actor-managers won a bad name for that system. They were accused of trampling on authors and commissioning only librettos for the better display of their personal goings-on. Ever since the Restoration the Shakespearean texts had been chopped into messes or rewritten by hacks in order to gratify the master-mummers of each period. Week after week in the middle 'nineties Shaw applied the chisel of his wit to the tough surface of his period's planets and he scaled off a little star-dust in his time. But the effect of such mental chipping, even of blasting and quarrying, was bound to be slow, because the theatre is largely impermeable by mind. He had to wait for the Edwardian Youth Movement, vaguely known as Repertory, which was definitely anti-stellar in its gospel. These Ironsides had no use for the cavalier figures of Shaftesbury Avenue. They would have been horribly ashamed had they been caught in the pit-queue of His Majesty's when Tree was in full fig and full process of self-display. No such royalties for them. Their salute went to the less astral and more austere Court of President Shaw and Comrade Barker.

The Repertory gospellers had a case; but, in the long run, it is always vain to apply to the theatre the canons of a workaday morality. The theatre remains obstinately romantic. You may drive out glamour with a pitch-fork, but it always returns. The drama, though you harness it with abstractions, hitch it to a thesis, and drive it to sheds and shanties at the far end of suburban tram-lines, insists on becoming concrete, personal, and exciting. For the Puritans it was born in sin, and, when G.B.S. and the post-Ibsenites brought their intellectual Puritans into the pit, they instilled into these play-house novices the notion that the really satanic element was the old star-system. That opinion has had a fairly long run. Some years ago, when writing a magazine article on the "Old Vic," I applied to that theatre for photographs of the season's leading players. I was briefly and firmly told that the "Old Vic" did not like the advertisement of individuals. I felt as though I had been brawling in church. Not long ago Mr. Ashley Dukes carried the anti-starring gospel to its logical conclusion by producing at the Mercury Theatre a play in which author and actors were all anonymous. If I remember rightly, the public was not greatly impressed by this sacrifice of the ego to the art.

Meanwhile the star-system jogged along in those more numerous theatres where the box-office was not regarded as a painful and discreditable necessity. The high-minded remained suspicious and aloof. But now the taste for personal attraction, feats of virtuosity, and the art of acting in general, has shaken off the cold shivers of a repertory fever. The intelligent playgoer of to-day, instead of asking "Have you seen the new *Pirandello?*" asks "Is Bergner as good as all

that? Have you seen the Lunts? What of Charles Laughton's Angelo? Don't you wish *Richard of Bordeaux* were over so that Gielgud could do something new?" And so forth. The balance of power has swung back to where it stood when Shaw was storming the starry heavens with hammer and chisel and doing what celestial destruction he could.

But there is an important difference. The new stars of the intelligent theatre are careful not to obtrude. Personal bravura is out of prison, but carries its ticket-of-leave. There is none of the centre-stage fixation, none of the limelight greed. It is typical of the new star-system that Mr. St. John Ervine, after watching Miss Bergner, complained that he did not see enough of her because the producer was always getting her into a corner. The old stars would very soon have put that producer down the steps and out of the stage-door. Nor can it be said that Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt obstreperously dominate *Reunion in Vienna*. It is the author's play, an *ensemble*, a partnership. They shine, and brilliantly, but not with the blinding aggression of a big car's headlights. Then there is that new star-company at the "Old Vic" and Sadler's Wells. If we agree that Wolsey is the star-part in *Henry VIII* and Caliban in *The Tempest*, as Tree and Benson decided, then Mr. Laughton has had only one star-part so far, and that not a big one in duration, Angelo in *Measure for Measure*. Miss Flora Robson had a secondary part in *The Cherry Orchard* and actually plays Ceres in *The Tempest*. We are a long way off from starring as understood by its Victorian practitioners.

For thirty years the serious playgoer concentrated on the play as a document, an argument, an assertion of brain. There was a short period during which he was excited by the name and achievements of the producer. He is now returning to his old status as an appreciator, if not a connoisseur, of acting. But he need not consider acting as a detachable entity, as he had to when Irving was playing in pieces like *The Bells*. He can view it in relation to a play, almost certainly a play of some quality, if not a masterpiece. The stars of to-day, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Miss Evans, Mr. Gielgud, apart from the Old Vic team and the distinguished visitors already mentioned, are all engaged upon performances in plays which remain considerable in their absence. In short, we are attaining an equilibrium of values in which the author is not dwarfed by the actor nor is the actor overshadowed by the tyrannical figure of an empurpled producer. Balances of power notoriously fail to last; but they can be very serviceable while they do.

IVOR BROWN

FURTWÄNGLER

THE arrival of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and its conductor in this country always produces a curious reaction in a section of the press and, I regret to add, even among certain musicians. The praise given to the orchestra is, with a few striking exceptions, always grudgingly given. Even when the first concert given in this country by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra revealed in a startling fashion to music lovers the great discrepancy between it and the best of our own orchestras, to our own disadvantage, there were all sorts of reservations made even where the superiority of the Berliners was recognised. Few, if any, of the reservations had a solid foundation. Now that we have two permanent orchestras in London, the London Philharmonic and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, the standard of playing in London orchestras has risen. And on this occasion, as on the last visit of the Berlin Philharmonic, we find nowhere an outright declaration that the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra is still superior to any one of our orchestras.

Nevertheless, in my opinion it is so, and not only superior but far superior. A few days ago Mr. Davey, who designs the well-known E.M.G. hand-made gramophone, brought to my house a new acoustic model in order to demonstrate to me its superiority to his previous model. Among other things he played me the recording by the H.M.V. Company of Beethoven's E flat concerto (the "Emperor") with Artur Schnabel as soloist and one of our magnificent English orchestras under an English conductor. I said to him: "The playing of this orchestra is so horrible that you will be able to say to any customer trying your machine, 'this noise is not the fault of the gramophone.'"

In order to reassure any casual reader who may think that I am prejudiced against our own orchestras, I may add that afterwards Mr. Davey played me a record by the famous tenor Gigli, which I thought equally horrible; and when we put on an old record by Caruso we both rejoiced to re-discover his superiority. But I am certain that many of my musical colleagues would find no fault either with the orchestral playing in the Beethoven concerto record or with Gigli's singing. Gigli's mouthing and lack of consonants and the unequal chording of our orchestras are very commonly disregarded. Occasionally our best orchestras play magnificently under a good conductor. They possess musicianship, spontaneity and, more rarely, fire. But every time one hears the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Furtwängler one recognises that the Berliners are habituated to a higher general level. In exactness of chording, in general precision, flexibility and range of tone, in the reliability and attack of their brass they can still give our orchestras a lesson. These technical qualities are basic qualities which every first-class orchestra should possess, but the very fact that all our critics comment on them shows that we do not possess them and are far from being able to take them for granted. It is silly to talk of the drill-like efficiency or Prussian precision of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra as if efficiency or precision were qualities either of a low order or of such a kind as to exclude higher artistic qualities. Besides, such comments are quite irrelevant. The Berlin Philharmonic is not the only orchestra to possess these qualities. The Vienna Philharmonic, in the days when I heard it, also possessed them in a degree to which none of our orchestras has yet attained. And to-day there are several American orchestras which match the Berlin Philharmonic in these respects and are thus superior to our English orchestras.

It should not be necessary to speak of these technical virtues at all; they should be taken for granted, as in the case of every virtuoso, for first-rate orchestras should be on the technical level of individual virtuosos. What differentiates the individual instrumental virtuosos are the higher musical qualities of conception and musical feeling; phantasy, imagination, sensibility, power. Technically, who cares to notice the shades of difference between Schnabel, Hofman, Rachmaninov, Paderewski—except when they have a truly musical significance! But just as there is not a single English pianist upon this level of virtuosity, when we listen not as students but as ripe musicians or lovers of music, so there is not yet a single English orchestra that is truly on the level of the best Continental and American orchestras. Every visit of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra to this country proves it once more.

Of Furtwängler as a conductor, it is necessary to speak with mixed feelings, for he is an odd mixture of superior and inferior qualities. Here again we are dealing with a musician of the real virtuoso class as a conductor. It is he who has trained the Berlin Philharmonic to its present high level and maintained it there. On this occasion the first programme, of Bach's Suite in B minor, Schumann's Symphony in D and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony was one calculated to show him at his best; although one eminent and acute German critic considers that it is in conducting Wagner that Furtwängler reveals his capacities most for the "length" of Wagner's musical paragraphs suits his musical gift for grasping clearly large and complicated designs. Also Beethoven's Seventh Symphony does not reveal one of Furtwängler's most conspicuous weaknesses as the Sixth Symphony does. Furtwängler has never, to my knowledge, achieved a simple pure presentation of that open-air music which is one of the beauties of the "Pastoral" symphony. There is something exotic, of the hot-house, in Furtwängler's temperament which is alien to this side of Beethoven and Schubert, and this leads

him into finickiness and inappropriate nuancing. That pure profound lyricism which is non-existent in Wagner, is indeed the antithesis of the Wagnerian temperament, is not a musical element with which Furtwängler seems to have any affinity. And that is probably why he also does not play Berlioz.

This brings me to the one harsh criticism that I am inclined to make about the visits of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra to this country, namely, their programmes. They are always of the most hackneyed character. Is it because they treat us as students who have an imperfect knowledge of the principal masterpieces of German classical music? In this, no doubt, they are partly correct, because we do not often hear these well-known masterpieces adequately performed in this country, although we hear them often performed. Still, we do occasionally hear them well performed and we should like to hear some revelations by the Berlin Philharmonic of other music. Mr. Ernest Newman pointed out last week, to my great pleasure, how ill-understood by most conductors was the music of Berlioz. And the B.B.C. recently gave a studio performance of *Romeo and Juliet* under a foreign conductor who from my experience is not a conductor I should consider ideal for the music of Berlioz. In spite of the fact that I do not expect to find Furtwängler to be a great Berlioz conductor, he is certainly one of the finest conductors in the world and it would be interesting to hear his interpretation of Berlioz and exhilarating to hear the virtuosity of the Berlin Philharmonic put at the service of a great and neglected composer.

But perhaps the Nazis are unwilling that their Generalissimo of Music should play the music of Berlioz, a Frenchman? Do they still play Mendelssohn in Germany, or is Mendelssohn officially considered to be an Aryan? These are not musical questions, but they are pertinent to an official musician who has accepted a post in a Government devoted to "aryanising" everything. As a musician no doubt Furtwängler is opposed to the "aryanising" of music, but his programmes do not reveal the fact.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Rivals": *Ambassadors*

This is a lively, sensible revival of Sheridan. There is no acting in it that is merely dull, and some of it is brilliant. The several stars who play in it are all content to assume that Sheridan knew his business, and that their business is to play Sheridan. This is not really difficult except in the scenes with Faulkland and Julia, and these are cut to the minimum, which is the only thing to do with them nowadays. Did Sheridan intend to applaud the sensibility or mock at the doubts of Faulkland the lover? Mr. John Laurie in his depleted scenes invites gentle mockery, and does it convincingly. Special honours must go to Mr. Frank Cellier for a Bob Acres that would certainly have delighted Sheridan; he is charmingly rustic without a trace of the tedious bumpkin. Lady Tree gets a surprising effect by making Mrs. Malaprop benign instead of acrid, which, while perfectly legitimate, seems to have occurred to few actresses before her. Her malapropisms seem to drop naturally from a benevolent disposition, and at least one out of three of them sounds funny, which must be a record. Mr. Baliol Holloway's Sir Anthony is as proud a piece of work as one could wish; but it is the interplay of good acting in all the scenes rather than the particularities that makes this production so enjoyable. It is consistent everywhere, and nowhere crude. Even the scenery, for once, is sober and effective.

An Unusual Watercolourist

At the Adams Galleries Mr. Eisenschitz imposes his will on Provence with a ruthlessness which is unusual in a watercolourist. Except for one really charming painting, *The Grey Road*, no court is paid to sentiment; the landscapes have the effect of a special creation by an impatient and versatile godling who does not mind in the least what happens afterwards. The sky is at odds with the land; the hills are impertinent upstarts; the trees are nightmare shapes, suggesting neither growth nor permanence. Mr. Eisenschitz's brushwork is economical and some of his colour-combinations are subtle as well as austere. *House Among the Reeds*, and *The Shore near Sanary* are good examples. In contrast to his trees, his few nudes are animated from within and as pictures achieve a lightness and transparency which the landscapes miss since they are anarchic, without any focal forms. If Mr. Eisenschitz were as successful in formal design as he is in calligraphy and colour, a new cult would have to be established in a rediscovered Provence.

Liebelei: *The Academy Cinema, Oxford Street*

A simple tragedy of scandal in pre-war Vienna, the story of this film shows what military mumbo-jumbo about honour can do and will do again, if the Hitlers get their way. (The film was banned in Germany, and Schnitzler's play, from which it derives, was burned in the streets.) If there was an intelligent Cinema School in England, this piece should have a prominent place in the library. We have a situation of the most deceptive ingenuousness. Young love, uniforms, the outraged Baron (a usually excellent actor, Gründgens, is here too starched and grisly), the duel, the suicide. Triteness tugs everywhere at the leash, and Max Ophüls, the producer, could have "sophisticated" it, as Korda would have done, or, with a less unpleasant kind of stupidity, made it into a Hollywood lollipop. But he has met simplicity with simplicity. The result remains Schnitzler, and a completely convincing spectacle. It is, incidentally, the first time that Magda Schneider, the heroine, has not been photographed as if she were an unawakened *friandise*.

Prenez Garde à la Peinture: *Cinema House, Oxford Street*

This is the film of M. Fauchois's play (from which *The Late Christopher Bean* was drawn) and it is its playlike quality which gives it charm. Nothing could be more deftly theatrical than the stopwatch entrance of art-dealer after art-dealer, while the pompous country doctor abandons superciliousness for agony, and agony for greed. The latter's part is played with considerable talent—one can like, laugh at, laugh with, and dislike him. Although Van Gogh somewhat delays his posthumous upsetting of the family, this is, on the whole, an entertaining piece of ironic comedy.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, January 26th—
"The Tidings Brought to Mary," Chelsea Palace (matinee) And on January 27th.
"First Episode," Comedy Theatre.

SATURDAY, January 27th—
Moriz Rosenthal, Wigmore Hall, 3.
"Henry V," Alhambra.

SUNDAY, January 28th—
Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton on "The Ethics of Broadcasting," Conway Hall, 11.
Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Furtwängler, Albert Hall, 3.
Major Harry Barnes on "War on Bad Housing," Willoughby Hall, 1, Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.
Harold Clay on "Trade Unionism: To-day and To-morrow," Transport Hall, Smith Square, 7.45.

MONDAY, January 29th—
"A Woman of This World," Mercury Theatre.

TUESDAY, January 30th—
Margaret Bondfield on "Disarmament and Unemployment," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Children's Royal Matinee. Programme includes première performance of "Ever So Long Ago." Cambridge Theatre, 2.45.
Dr. G. J. Renier on "The Faith of an Atheist," Conway Hall, 7.
Ramsay Muir on "Liberalism," Morley College, 8.
Schnabel and the Pro-Arte Quartet, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
The Ballets Jooss, Gaiety Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, January 31st—
"World Airways—'Why Not'?" Speeches by Vernon Bartlett, P. Noel-Baker and Lord Allen of Hurtwood, Caxton Hall, Westminster, 8.
B.B.C. Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
R. Page Arnot on "Economics in Relation to Dialectical Materialism," London School of Hygiene, Keppel St., 8.15.
"Spring, 1600," Shaftesbury Theatre.

THURSDAY, February 1st—
Lord Allen of Hurtwood on "Pacifists and the Use of International Force," Conway Hall, 7.30.
C. Balaam on "Employment Exchanges," Morley College, 8.
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
Dr. M. D. Eder on "The Difficult Home," 36 Gloucester Place, 8.30.
"Mr. Whittington," Hippodrome.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE schoolboy or schoolgirl who confused peasants and pheasants was making a very natural mistake: both are found in the country, are preserved by old-fashioned landowners and are sometimes shot in large numbers; one of the chief differences is that, although Swift suggested it in *A Modest Proposal*, they do not have roast peasant abroad in the way we have pheasant here. But if the child had been reading books about peasants, there was even more reason for him to mix them up with the bird—for the story of the peasant is almost always told in the same false convention as those American biographies of heroic Grizzly Bears, Huge Timber Wolves and amusingly Clean Raccoons which delighted us in childhood. And the same reason impels the writer and the reader to prefer a falsified picture of each: the simple one that the truth is too disagreeable. Animals everywhere are trapped, shot, knocked on the head and skinned, and, in consequence, they have learned to be profoundly afraid of man and suspicious in their dealings with him. Peasants everywhere are bullied, taxed, in some places even shot if they object to being interfered with by Government officials and townspeople, whether they belong to a feudal Aristocracy or call themselves Socialists and Communists. Thus the better peasants or Kulaks are "*liquidated*" in Russia. Wild peasants, in a natural state, are becoming so rare that townspeople and writers naturally feel sentimental about them: this has given rise to certain literary conventions. Since they live on the soil and near to Nature, their feelings are portrayed as extraordinarily *terre à terre*. They are represented as simple and strong, and heavy as damp, black unleavened bread. Like unicellular animals they are called simple and primitive: they are thought to be primitively brutal, primitively heroic. Moreover, in books, their passions are always overpoweringly strong: hot dark lusts well slowly up in their hearts like bubbles rising through tar. Their emotions are always represented as being extremely slow in growth.

* * *

I believe this literary convention is as false as that of the "noble redskin." I am not in any way a specialist on peasants, but the few I have known were as light-hearted, as happy-go-lucky and as full of witty gossip as any people in towns. In particular they had greater powers of sly mimicry. Naturally I do not suppose that, on the average, they are so intelligent as the average well-to-do townsman. The clever people get on and have clever children; they stop being peasants and become rent collectors or tax-gatherers or Communist organisers. Without being a peasant, if one is only a labourer, one is treated by townspeople as one of the turnips in the field, or part of the hedge one is cutting. Thus I have been asked the way by people who would have been horrified to catch a human look in my eye, and who spoke to me and about me in my presence as they would never dream of speaking to a bus conductor or a postman. And, perhaps, when they had passed on their way, I may have become a symbol for them of human emotion, more simple and primitive than any they had experienced themselves.

* * *

This little protest is occasioned by reading *The Mother*, by Pearl Buck (Methuen, 7*s*. 6*d*.). Many readers will think it a book full of beauty, and the Chinese peasant woman whose over-simplified story is told in over-simplified Biblical language will seem to them a very moving picture of Nature and of natural feelings, whereas to me it is a crude wooden story told in a false affected style. The following sentences are taken from widely different places in the book, but may serve to illustrate what I mean.

> She sat upon her low stool in the door-yard and supped her rice with pleasure, for she loved her food as a healthy beast does. . . .
>
> It came to be so then that every day the young girl, the mother, grew to look for this little moon-faced boy, and out of all the other children in the village he was the greatest joy to her, her favourite, and she held him and smelled of his fat palms, and took pleasure in his round cheeks and in his little rosy mouth. . . . At that hour, of deep loathing, she was healed of all her heat and youth, and she was young no more. For her there was no man left in the world for man's own sake, and there were only these three, her children, and one blind.

The book is characterised by an extreme simplification of emotion. It is all about dumbness, suffering, fierce heats, a blind child growing up to greater blindness. Of course every artist has to simplify his material and can adopt any convention, or take any liberties with reality he likes, so that it puzzled me for some time to say what it is that I dislike so much in *The Mother*.

* * *

I think that the point is not really that I dislike her picture of a Chinese peasant woman and doubt its truth. Since I have never seen a Chinese peasant and Miss Buck has lived among them I can scarcely take that line. My objection is that she has not attempted to write about a Chinese peasant woman at all. For her heroine, The Mother, is not an individual; she is Any Mother from among all of China's teeming millions. Thus she has no personal characteristics; she has not even a name. She is just an abstract figure of maternity: The Mother. She is not even particularly Chinese. She might equally well be black. And Miss Buck asks one to feel an emotion all the greater because this impersonal abstraction is not one mother tilling the soil, bearing children, putting their blind mouths to her breasts and feeling fierce heats, but all the millions of Chinese peasant mothers who are doing the same thing all the time. She expects her readers to multiply their emotion because of these millions. But for me this works just the other way. Since I am not presented with a single individual on whom to focus my interest and emotion, I find that it is divided by the total number of child-bearing Chinese peasant-women. It is possible, of course, to have a profound emotion about simple facts of Nature such as that the grass grows, the cows eat the grass, or that women have children and suckle them. But one cannot have genuine intense feeling about such facts or laws of Nature for very long at a time—certainly not all the way through a long book. After a little while one's emotion stops and one just accepts the facts as facts. So it is essential in a long work of art that the spectator should be presented with an individual blade of grass, or cow, or woman on whose fortunes he can focus his emotion. The subject must in other words have individual and recognisable features.

* * *

Miss Buck might indeed learn a lesson from the stories about heroic American animals, for in these the Grizzly Bears and Timber Wolves always have a bent claw or some other sign by which they can be immediately recognised. One is not presented with The Bear, or The Timber Wolf. Of course, in Morality Plays, the spectator is told that the figures on the stage are just such abstractions. But what he sees is a living creature of flesh and blood, and whatever the author may have had in mind the spectator knows that he is looking at an individual. In the same way in *Pilgrim's Progress* the reader feels at once that he is dealing with a very odd and exceptional person called Christian, who is totally unlike any other Christians of his acquaintance, and Christian's adventures fail almost completely of their allegorical significance owing to the fact that they are so astonishingly real. But Miss Buck has succeeded where Bunyan failed: she has written a real allegory in which The Mother has The Baby and so forth. It is an allegory which teaches one nothing but the facts of life which we knew already: that grass grows in the spring: that women are having children in China. Why tell us all that in simple Bible language?

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Forest Fire. By REX STOUT. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.
De Vriendt Goes Home. By ARNOLD ZWEIG. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
A Warning to Wantons. By MARY MITCHELL. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Anthony Adverse. By HERVEY ALLEN. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.
Waterfront. By JOHN BROPHY. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
Scandal of Spring. By MARTIN BOYD. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.
Pity the Child! By ROSALIND WADE. *Chapman and Hall.* 8s. 6d.
Rome for Sale. By JACK LINDSAY. *Elkin Mathews.* 8s. 6d.

I have sometimes thought that when Englishmen remark of a novel that "it leaves a nasty taste in the mouth" they are often paying it unawares a very high literary compliment. For so few modern novels have any distinctive taste, either good or bad, unless it is a synthetic flavour compounded of ambition, hard work and innumerable stories by other novelists that the writer has evidently read and admired. Several years ago, Mr. Rex Stout published a novel that—and I am now using the phrase in its more eulogistic sense—left behind it a very odd taste indeed. It was not a masterpiece; but it was an achievement that made me remember the author's name and hope that I should not miss his next book. *Forest Fire* is a better constructed novel than *How Like a God*, of which the narrative was unfolded by means of an irritating and somewhat precarious literary device; but, although it is an interesting and readable story, the impression it produces is considerably less unexpected. True, the subject-matter itself is "queer" enough; it tells of a District Ranger in the United States Forest Service who, for the first time in his life, as a married, middle-aged, sober and disillusioned man, experienced the passion of romantic love—love, it so happened, for a member of his own sex, a talkative, rather histrionic, college boy who had taken a job as "smoke-chaser" during the summer months in Stan Durham's district. Now one of the difficulties of portraying homosexual love, even when, as in this instance, it does not aspire beyond sentimental infatuation, is the comparative absence of literary precedent. So timidly have English writers explored the field that the novelist who undertakes a homosexual theme is usually a little on his guard and inclined to be either self-conscious or perfervid and mawkish. And then Mr. Stout describes the awakening of an almost entirely uncultivated and inarticulate human organism. I find it easy to imagine that Stan Durham *might* have fallen in love—chastely and sentimentally—with Harry Fallon, might himself have realised his strange predicament and, under the influence of this disturbing emotion, risen to a crescendo of jealous hatred; but Mr. Stout's presentation of his dilemma did not quite convince me. The violence of Stan Durham's feelings, the extreme difficulty he encountered in expressing his thoughts, his abrupt and melodramatic escape into action, make an impressive but not wholly lifelike portrait. Still, *Forest Fire* is better reading than the average novel, and is written in a more lucid and intelligent style.

De Vriendt Goes Home is also concerned, at least in its earlier chapters, with the theme of homosexual love. Mr. Stout describes that love against a background of forests and mountain ranges, haunted by the constant dread of fire, while Herr Zweig chooses the magnificence of a great Near-Eastern city, continually threatened by the outbreak of political and religious fanaticism, as a setting for the story of a Jewish scholar and the Arab boy, Saud, his disciple, master-mistress of a bookish passion that vented itself during the watches of the night in blasphemous and erotic verse. The conflict between de Vriendt, scholar and politician, and de Vriendt, paederast and sceptic, provides the interest of the central part of the narrative; and when de Vriendt himself disappears, murdered by a zealous compatriot, and we are left with Jerusalem and the drama of Jews and Arabs, orthodox students of the Talmud and Zionist progressives, perpetually at cross-purposes in the ancient city, the speed and clarity of the novel begin to decline. Neither *De Vriendt Goes Home* nor *Forest Fire* could be labelled an "improper" book, though I have no doubt that the honesty with which both Herr Zweig and Mr. Rex Stout treat their subject-matter may offend a large section of the public who will, nevertheless, derive a great deal of quasi-innocent fun from Miss Mary Michell's *Warning to Wantons*, described—so archly!—by the authoress as "Setting forth the not undeserved but awful fate which befell a Minx." Naughtiness is Miss Mitchell's strong suit. Seldom have I read a novel of which the frivolity was more painstaking, and over which I personally found it more difficult to conjure up the most evanescent of salacious smiles. In the first place, an air of accomplished naughtiness, if it is to make the right effect, demands a certain stylistic elegance; and Miss Mitchell's style, though it is perpetually on tiptoe and speaks with a slight Frenchified lisp, is inadequate to the strain her story imposes. Thus, the demure heroine, Renèe de la Vailliére, is—and always remains—a roguish wax doll with frilly underclothing and inordinately long eyelashes; while Count Anton Kardak, whom we are required to believe in as an extremely civilised and hyper-aesthetic old gentleman, would appear to have been cut out after the pattern of one of those elderly mashers whose cloth-topped, immaculately buttoned boots twinkle through the pages of *La Vie Parisienne*. The "sophistication" of this novel is its claim to applause; but such sophistication, alas, is only skin-deep. It has been applied with as lavish and unsparing a hand as that of a schoolgirl wielding a surreptitious powder-puff.

Whereas, in *A Warning to Wantons*, we have a book calculated to appeal to adolescent minds, *Anthony Adverse* is a story in which adolescent material—the stock in trade of juvenile romance—has been worked up with more than adolescent cleverness. To review a novel of which some two-hundred and fifty thousand copies have already been sold might seem, on the face of it, a superfluous, indeed a positively presumptuous, critical undertaking. What is left for the despairing reviewer to say? Just this, perhaps: that *Anthony Adverse* is the softest, deepest, dowiest, most ingeniously and elaborately overstuffed feather-bed novel yet offered for the recreation of exhausted middle-brows who are tired out with fighting the battles of real life. Here you may dream through a thousand pages; here are characters more beautiful, more cruel, more passionate, more brightly coloured—and, oh, far, far less complicated!—than the men and women among whom our daily lot is cast. The Wicked Marquis (who combines a forked beard with a bag wig, and the tastes of an eighteenth-century nobleman with an appreciation of Byzantine art), together with his unscrupulous, devoted servitor, are as refined a pair of Machiavellian scoundrels

Ask for
"BP"
ETHYL
(Not just "Ethyl")
'BP' Petrol comes from BRITISH owned wells. It is made in BRITISH refineries and is carried in BRITISH ships.

THE WORLD TODAY

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S REVIEW OF EUROPE TODAY
by G. D. H. & M. I. Cole. 6/-

"A book not merely to read but to keep—as a quite invaluable work of reference for all those who wish or whose business it is to understand what is happening from day to day or month to month in that dreadful confusion . . . we call 'Europe' "—*Clifford Sharp (News Chronicle)*

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S WAY TO PREVENT WAR
by Lord Cecil, Gilbert Murray, C. M. Lloyd, Norman Angell, H. J. Laski, etc. Edited by Leonard Woolf. 5/-

"All who still have an ear for the quiet voice of reason will find in this book, more than any other available, an exact statement of the principal causes which in our own day menace peace & a guide to the prevention of war" —*Sir Arthur Salter (New Statesman)*

CAPITALISM, COMMUNISM & THE TRANSITION
by Emile Burns. 5/-

"Of considerable value to those who wish to understand the Communist's position and his analysis of present-day trends"—*Economist*

PAMPHLETS:
Socialist Credit Policy by E. F. M. Durbin. 1/-. *Revision of Treaties & Changes in International Law* (New Fabian Research Bureau) 6d. *The Control of Investment* by Colin Clark. 6d. *Worker' Control & Self-Government in Industry* edited by Cole & Mellor. 6d. *The Protection of Colonial People* 1/-. *Parliamentary Control of Foreign Affairs* by H. R. G. Greaves. 6d. *What is this Socialism?* by Cole. 6d.

THE BLOODY TRAFFIC
by Fenner Brockway. 3/6

"This sensational title is amply justified by the nature of the contents—a detailed exposure of the structure, motives and methods of the armaments trades in this & other countries"—*J. A. Hobson (Manchester Guardian)*

LENIN: A BIOGRAPHY
by Ralph Fox. 5/-

"The best biography of Lenin that has yet been published in any language"—*Londoner's Diary (Evening Standard)*

WAR UNLESS . . .
by Sisley Huddleston. 5/-

"It is true, as he says, that there is today a grave menace of another European war . . . One of those rare books which appear equally admirable both to the expert & to the amateur"—*Harold Nicolson (Daily Telegraph)*

EUROPE SINCE THE WAR
by J. Hampden Jackson. 3/6

"In a smaller space than 150 pages the author sketches the salient facts in the continuous story of a European epoch lasting from the end of the Great War to the world-wide financial & economic collapse which seems, at least in some ways, to have ended it"—*Observer*

WHAT WOULD BE THE CHARACTER OF A NEW WAR?
by 18 experts from 9 countries. 5/-

"A cold, precise, business-like account, by the experts themselves, of what will happen to us all in the next war" —*Storm Jameson*

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT MONEY
by 8 Economists from Oxford edited by G. D. H. Cole. 5/-

"To all who want a sane economic world, & realise the part monetary reforms must play in getting it, I recommend this book as worthy of the highest consideration"— *J. A. Hobson (New Statesman)*

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE THROUGH WORLD CHAOS
by G. D. H. Cole. 5/-

"Nowhere will 'the intelligent man' find a simpler, surer & saner guide thro' the intricacies of the world's economic problems, the universal slump, the puzzle of prices, the jungle of currency difficulties, the Russian experiment, & all the rest"—*Sydney & Beatrice Webb*

THE MENACE OF FASCISM
by John Strachey. 5/-

"We believe its general thesis to be unanswerable . . We must face in this country the possibility at least of capitalism failing to follow its more enlightened advisers & of the growth of a movement not very different from German Fascism"—*New Statesman & Nation*

THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR POWER
by John Strachey (cheap edition). 5/-

"Far the best restatement of the Marxian-Leninist gospel of Communism which has any application to the England of today"—*Spectator*

THE GREAT OFFENSIVE
by Maurice Hindus. 5/-

The most up to date account of the Five-Year Plans
"A remarkable book, helpful to the formation of a dispassionate estimate of the Russian experiment"—*Times*

THE MODERN WORLD: A JUNIOR SURVEY
by H. C. Knapp-Fisher. 5/-

"It presents in charmingly simple language & . . with admirable fairness a picture of the modern world & its problems such as no other book provides"—*Dr. Ballard*

TROTSKY'S RUSSIAN REVOLUTION
now complete in 3 volumes, 18/- each

PROBLEMS OF A SOCIALIST GOVERNMENT
by Sir Stafford Cripps & others. 5/-

The famous "dictatorship or democracy" book

TOWARDS THE UNDERSTANDING OF KARL MARX
by Sidney Hook. 5/-

"The best introduction to the study of Marxism now available in English"—*Prof. Laski (Manchester Guardian)*

RED VIRTUE
by Ella Winter. 5/-

"It is to Miss Winter's book that we must turn for a really intimate & detailed account of what is happening to Russia in its social & moral life"—*Clifford Sharp (News Chronicle)*

GOLLANCZ 14 HENRIETTA STREET COVENT GARDEN

JUST OUT: ALL 5/-

MEMOIRS OF THE UNEMPLOYED

COLLECTED & EDITED BY LANCE BEALES & R. S. LAMBERT

Twenty-five workless men & women of the most varied type tell the story of their life from the date of their last employment. Every decent person will read this book . . . One West End bookseller in a rich locality refused to stock it: "*our* customers don't want to read about Unemployment" he told our representative.

PLAN OR NO PLAN

BY BARBARA WOOTTON

This is the best comparative study of economic systems — planned society on the one hand, unplanned on the other — that has come our way.

Chapter headings:

Nature of an Unplanned Economy — Nature of the Russian Planned Economy — Achievements & Possibilities of an Unplanned Economy — Achievements & Possibilities of a Planned Economy — What Next? — Conditions of Successful Economic Planning.

THE ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION

BY ERNEST K. LINDLEY

"Most useful, brilliantly written & informative chronicle of events"—*Prof. Gregory* (*Observer*)

"The ordinary reader who has no time to read the original documents can scarcely do better than read this book"—*Professor Catlin* (*Sunday Times*)

"A first-class way of understanding the whole American situation"—*Dr. Bulloch*

"Should prove an invaluable first-aid to everyone who would reduce to order the bewildering chaos of impressions which crowd upon the observer of current events in the U.S.A."—*Morning Post*

PROFITS AND POLITICS IN THE POST-WAR WORLD

BY R. D. CHARQUES & A. H. EWEN

Soberly written though this book is & studiously unsensational in its manner, it will be at once recognised as a really terrifying exposition of the part played by dominant economic interests and influences in shaping the policy — particularly the foreign policy — of national governments during the past fifteen years.

The countries surveyed are France, Poland and the States of the Little Entente, Italy, Germany, the United States, Japan, China, Soviet Russia and Great Britain.

Our spring list contains details of 33 forthcoming books of the above type. A copy of this list will be sent post free on request.

GOLLANCZ 14 HENRIETTA STREET COVENT GARDEN

as you could meet anywhere outside the pages of Eugène Sue. Lovers, pirates, desperadoes swarm like may-fly; duels are fought, lips meet in close desperate kisses, horsemen career at full gallop down stony star-lit roads—it is all immensely stimulating and entirely phantasmal. Mr. Hervey Allen has a remarkable gift of keeping his narrative rapidly on the move and, when it is put to proper use—as in his full-dress account of a glittering Napoleonic review—a knack of vivid description that does him credit. *Anthony Adverse* cannot be commended as a work of literature; as a refuge for the world-weary it is second to none.

Mr. Hervey Allen's business is to put us to sleep. He kneads up the pillows, commands distant music, scatters poppy and mandragora, and then sits down by the fireside to tell us a long, romantic, soothing fairy-story about adventures in Europe and America during the Napoleonic Wars. Mr. John Brophy, on the other hand, wants to keep us awake; modern Liverpool is his background, shop-assistants, greasers and unemployed marine engineers the characters whom he beckons across the stage; and the result is a bleak, depressing, but sincere and conscientious, little study of respectability and poverty in the streets of a northern sea-port town. It is unfortunate, however, that Mr. Brophy's prose style should be almost as gritty and comfortless as the surroundings among which it is exercised; unemployed men shivering on the steps of a public library are bad enough, but, when we learn that "these men were awaiting the availability of free copies of the morning papers with their announcements of possible employment," moral discomfort becomes literary anguish. Nor do Mr. Martin Boyd, in *Scandal of Spring*—the story of a boy at whom a High Church clergyman and the "pretty girl" of the neighbhourhood have both set their caps—and Miss Rosalind Wade, in *Pity the Child!*—an eloquent pamphlet on the miseries of lonely childhood, when mother and father fail to agree—pay much attention to the niceties of the English language. Each book seems the product of painful experience; each is a crusty and somewhat unappetising slice of life. . . .

Mr. Jack Lindsay takes one of the black sheep of history, Lucius Sergius Catilina, and does his best to persuade us that his fleece was not black all through. It was Cicero, followed by Sallust, who daubed this enthusiastic young Radical a colour that his enlightened and, in many ways, extremely modern economic theories had done nothing to deserve. A kindlier view of his activities has already been put forward by Professor E. S. Beesly in *Catiline, Clodius and Tiberius*, first published in 1878. *Rome for Sale* is a scholarly, picturesque and, at moments, exciting and moving historical novel; but it is less absorbing as fiction than as an historical essay. Mr. Lindsay has breathed diligently upon a statue; he has reclothed it in his own characteristic style. He stands in front of it and imitates its gestures. Marble is still marble on the last page.

PETER QUENNELL

THE WORDSWORTHS

Dorothy Wordsworth. A Biography. By ERNEST DE SELINCOURT. *Oxford University Press.* 21s.

As one might have anticipated from Mr. de Selincourt's method in his study of *The Prelude*, that fine piece of scholarship published some seven years ago, this biography of Dorothy is in the old English tradition. The author is content, even eager, to make the main points of his argument by quotation and presentation, in the manner of Lewes and Lockhart. I must confess that I enjoy this bread-and-butter biography. I like an accumulation of facts, and a record of day-to-day incidents and moods, which will enable me to draw my own conclusions, compare them with those of the biographer, and so come to a compromised portrait which is probably like the original.

Mr. de Selincourt, however, is not without theory; but he does not begin with it. He digests his material first. His conclusions are varied, but they group themselves round the main thesis that Dorothy Wordsworth was neither a pathetic parasite on her brother nor an extraordinary poetic genius shamefully exploited and plagiarised by him. A subsidiary argument, founded on an exploration of her real relationship with him, is that Dorothy was not in love with Coleridge, though she loved him as a friend and wellnigh worshipped his intellect. We are shown, mainly by extracts from her letters, how detachedly she watched the gradual decay of his character, and how indignantly she defended her brother's conduct during the unhappy years when the great friendship was disintegrating.

The most astonishing thing about Mr. de Selincourt's book is that so conservative a piece of work should create in the reader's mind the startling conviction that the relationship between Dorothy and her brother was an abnormal, a Greek, one. More and more, as one reads, the frightening (I don't know why it is frightening even to an English mind) conviction grows that they loved each other passionately, with all the interfusion of body and mind and spirit such as is occasionally found in the relationship of lovers.

We can take one or two of the copious quotations from Dorothy's Journals and Letters to illustrate this effect; little touches of passion that admit of no other interpretation. As Mr. de Selincourt says, "every page of the *Journal* reflects the intensity with which she lived in and for her brother; whether present or absent he is the pivot of her life. After saying good-bye to him one winter's morning when he was off on a short visit to Mary she takes an anxious look at the mountains to make sure if he will 'have a safe passage over Kirkstone,' and at night, to ease her loneliness, she sleeps in William's bed." Then on another occasion when his absence has interrupted their *solitude à deux* in Dove Cottage, she notes, "Here is one of his bitten apples. I can hardly find in my heart to throw it into the fire." That same evening she wandered round the lake, and "sat down where we always sit. I was full of thoughts about my darling." She wrote to him that night, and again next morning. On another day she makes the entry, "William's head was bad after Mr. Simpson was gone, I petted him on the carpet."

The account of Wordsworth's wedding day is sufficiently well-known. It is a record of tremendous passions heroically subdued by a correspondingly powerful unselfishness. The advent of Mary, Dorothy's beloved friend, as Wordsworth's wife, meant either a complete wreckage of Dorothy's life or a resolute re-orientation of it. She chose the latter, and lived in harmony with the generous, understanding and self-effacing Mary for thirty years. What strain this imposed upon her we shall never know. We can see the fruits of her discipline in the perfect relationship with Mary, the absorbing devotion to the children, the unbroken inspiration and practical aid which she gave to her brother. But we also know that after those thirty years she collapsed into mental ruin, and continued in that senile condition for twenty years, returning to her old self only for a moment during the agony following her brother's death, three years before her own.

It may be stretching an argument, to associate this collapse with the supposedly unintermittent self-control which she exercised during those thirty years of sharing her brother with another woman. But we have the evidence of her fight on that first day. She could not go to the ceremony, but lay on her bed fighting down the agony, the madness of rage and despair, "neither hearing or seeing anything till Sara came upstairs to me and said, 'They are coming.' This forced me from the bed where I lay, and I moved, I knew not how, straight forward, faster than my strength could carry me, till I met my beloved William, and fell upon his bosom." As Mr. de Selincourt remarks, "It was a strange wedding. Three of Mary's brothers were present, but no relative of William's. The sisters who were dearest to both bride and bridegroom did not attend the service. And when the party returned to the house William had Dorothy, not Mary, upon his arm."

It is the custom of moralists to condemn even the symptoms of such an emotion as this when it exists between brother and sister. We know how, selfishly indulged, it played havoc in Byron's life. But here is an example of it working nothing but good. Controlled by both its participants, it brought joy, power, and faith to their lives, enriching the poet, and establishing the woman in an honourable and fruitful position as satisfying as that of wifehood; lacking indeed these fruits of bodily contact that so often prove to be a disappointment, and wear down a passion prematurely to disillusionment and exhaustion.

Certainly there was no exhaustion in the life of this frail, forward-stooping, wild-eyed creature. Her sensibility and emotional force were miraculous. They subdued all criticism, and brought men, women, and children of all kinds to be her ministers. From the selfish Coleridge, doped with his own metaphysics; from the saturnine Hazlitt, gloomy and suspicious with his warped passions, down to the simplest peasant in those isolated dales, Dorothy unconsciously commanded allegiance. Throughout Mr. de Selincourt's enormous array of quotations from contemporary record there is not one phrase which suggests that Dorothy ever showed a trace of self-consciousness or self-interest to merit criticism or even humorous deprecation. Her brother, although in his helplessness he used her like a domestic

drudge or a wife, never ceased to treat her as his muse and God-given companion. They were like two spirits together, or the swallows whom she describes living in harmony under the eaves of Dove Cottage. "Every now and then there was a feeling motion in their wings, a sort of tremulousness, and they sang a low song to one another."

So with William and Dorothy! Life caught up the brother with more spectacular and dramatic purpose, throwing him into the heart of the French Revolution, giving him a French mistress and a love-child, blessing him with a noble wife and family, cursing him with genius, pride, and the maddening struggle of an artist with his technique; but throughout all these obvious and violent expulsions of emotion it kept him in contact with the spirit of Dorothy, a being who happened, by the accident of blood, to be his sister. And throughout their long *life*, one cannot say *lives*, together, "they sang a low song to one another."

So much for the main impression of Mr. de Selincourt's ample biography. I wish I could do justice to its detail and its intimacy not only with Dorothy's personality but also the environment of hills, lakes, poetry and people in which she spent her eighty years and wove for herself a garment of immortality.

RICHARD CHURCH

HARDY FOR THE VISITOR

Thomas Hardy, O.M.: The Man, his Works and the Land of Wessex. By CLIVE HOLLAND. *Jenkins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A peculiar reputation is reserved for writers who choose a definite locality for their background. Within their area a completely non-literary judgment deifies them, tourists walk through sanctified ground, and the shop windows are stocked with books describing Mr. X.'s Blankshire and Mr. X. himself as a necessary item of the visitor's requirements. He becomes, in fact, one of the chief "amenities" of the place. Although Thomas Hardy is honoured beyond the confines of Dorsetshire he must bear this local reputation as a thing almost apart from his general fame. Mr. Holland, who is a Wessex man and was acquainted with Hardy, has already supplied the tradition with *Wessex* and *Thomas Hardy's Country*. Now he comes again, to place the central figure in its landscape. If he had written his recollection and impressions of Hardy from a frankly personal angle we might have had some valuable touches to fill out the main portrait. Instead, he has dealt in a perfunctory way with the whole of his subject, although certain public appearances of Hardy are written up with the detail of a press report.

It would, however, be unfair to say that Mr. Holland's Life is a pale thing after Mrs. Hardy's, and that his discussion of the works is scarcely illuminated by the criticism that has been lavished on them since Lionel Johnson's study in 1894. Mr. Holland is not attempting to compete with authorities, and indeed his book will have its use as introducing Hardy with some accuracy to an audience that would have jibbed at studying him direct. All his life, and especially in the prefaces to his later collections of poetry, Hardy was at pains to discount the popular notion of his pessimism. He insisted that the apparent philosophy of a malign power behind the Universe was no more than the fancy of the moment, and that all suggestion of a system was supplied by his erring readers. "But it has always been my misfortune," he wrote, "to presuppose a too intelligent reading public." In this book, Mr. Holland has made no pretence of addressing a too intelligent reading public. All literary allusions are carefully explained, as for persons living retired from such specialities. We find, for instance, that Siegfried Sassoon (one of Hardy's friends in the later years at Max Gate) is "himself the author of a number of war poems." Sir Edmund Gosse is considered too remote a figure to be mentioned by name in connection with Hardy's three letters to him on his review of *Jude the Obscure*. One looks in vain through this volume for any reference to Shelley and his constant influence on Hardy. And in face of these "literary" explanations or omissions it is surprising to find the following annotation to Hardy's remark about Sherlock Holmes: "a reference to the stories which had made the author (afterwards Sir Arthur) Conan Doyle so famous." Is fame so short lived as this?

But if there is a certain simpleness in Mr. Holland's writing, we must remember that the same could be true of Hardy. Those critics who work out an elaborate philosophy for him sometimes lose sight of a strain of childlike naivety that was apt to pervade the author in non-creative moments. How many novelists, even

THE THRESHOLD OF THE VICTORIAN AGE

By CAMALIEL MILNER M.A.
Author of "The Problem of Decadence."

The Victorian period was the nineteenth century come of age, become self conscious. It began on the 4th of May, 1789, when the States General assembled at Versailles and ended on August Bank Holiday, 1914. Histories of it have been written under the title of *The Growth of Democracy*. Others define the nineteenth century as the age of industrialism. But it was also the age of expansion, when Europeans and, above all, Englishmen settled in the vacant spaces of America and Australia and extended their control over the tropics. For Englishmen it must always possess a peculiar interest, for it was the age of English ascendancy; England never before played so great a part in the world.

10s. 6d. Illustrated.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE LTD.

3rd impression in hand!

NIGHT OVER FITCHS POND

by
Cora Jarrett
7/6 net

"This is a really fine novel, and it should not be missed."
—*SUNDAY TIMES.*

●

ARTHUR BARKER LTD
21 GARRICK STREET
COVENT GARDEN

in a private letter, would refer to their works in these terms: "I got to like the character of Clym before I had done with him. I think he is the nicest of my heroes and *not a bit* like me." And of *The woodlanders*: "I think I like it as a story the best of all." While the *Iliad* was once pronounced "as good as *Marmion*." Here, it would seem, is the explanation of Hardy's occasional (and quite unconscious) bathos and puerility in verse. It is almost incredible that the author of *The Dynasts* should use the phrases and judgments of a schoolboy, or that he should, for example, write without comic intention such verses as

> Looking forward to the spring
> One puts up with anything.

Hardy suffered from a curious lack of discrimination that makes one pardon Mr. Holland for stressing unimportant local ceremonies in his narrative, and even for reporting the death of a sister and the death of a dog as parallel losses to the poet. What Mr. Holland traces is the immediate surface of Hardy's life; and, as supplying this, some of the points he includes may well be of service to future students and biographers. SYLVA NORMAN

"BANKSTERS"

The Mirrors of Wall Street. By an Anonymous Author. *Putnam.* Price 10*s.* 6*d.*

Travellers returning from America say that it is impossible to exaggerate the hatred for New York bankers which permeates that country at the present time. Ever since the revelations were made before the Senate Banking inquiry of the corrupt practices of some of the New York banks, of the fabulous profits snatched by the finance houses from the issue of bonds of doubtful value, of the princely salaries which the bank executives voted to themselves in the secrecy of their board rooms, the term "bankster" passed into the American vernacular. The many unkind "bankster" stories which are going the rounds reveal the popular mood. The wicked report that a banker kept his mother in ignorance of his occupation, as the old lady was quite confident that he kept a bawdy house, is only matched by the story about Mr. Wiggin, the retired president of the Chase National Bank. It is said that burglars broke into Mr. Wiggin's house and succeeded in getting away without losing anything.

Expecting spiciness of this low variety, I confess I was disappointed by *The Mirrors of Wall Street*. For the most part the portraits given of the fourteen great men of Wall Street are the hastily drawn sketches ordinarily seen in a tabloid newspaper. It is obvious that the anonymous author wrote in great haste. Not that the book is lacking in picturesque passages. Of Mr. George Baker of the National Bank, it is written:

> In 1916, Mr. Baker was indicted with other directors of the company for looting the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. John C. Spooner, his erudite attorney, convinced the District Attorney that he had made an egregious error in subjecting one of America's great bankers to such an annoyance. Mr. Baker could not have been responsible for any of the criminal acts for which the Government wanted to send someone to jail. Mr. Baker, it was true, was a director and attended all of the directors' meetings, but he took no part in their deliberations. He took his seat and fell asleep and was not awakened until the meetings were adjourned and the directors' fees were passed around. Witnesses were produced who verified Mr. Spooner's contention, and the indictment was withdrawn.

And of his son:

> Shortly after the death of the elder Mr. Baker, the New York city authorities found the old brick building that housed the bank was about to fall in. Its walls were cracking; it was roped off so that it could not topple on the heads of passing pedestrians; the tenants were ordered out forthwith and the richest if not the biggest bank in New York moved its gold overnight. Mr. Baker was irritated. He thought the action of the city authorities precipitate if not unnecessary. He hadn't noticed any cracks.

Even great men like Mr. J. P. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., failed to notice any cracks in the financial system in the great boom. Mr. J. P. Morgan was aloof and Mr. Rockefeller's corporations "funnelled millions into the call market" which was financing the great stock-market gamble. If the great men failed to give a lead, what could be expected of the greedy little men such as Mr. Wiggin, of the Chase National Bank, and Mr. Mitchell, of the National City? Mr. Wiggin was the first to lend great sums of money to Germany in the post-war period. According to our anonymous journalist, about $60 millions of Chase funds are at present frozen in Central Europe. "A banker is like a grocery man—he gives the public what it wants," was Mr. Wiggin's reply when he was asked to explain why he had helped to flood the country with securities of dubious value. Mr. Mitchell, of the National City, was in Germany at the time of the stock-market crash, arranging to dump some more American gold in Europe, all the time giving reassuring interviews to newspaper correspondents. Mr. Mitchell is described as "the greatest go-getter of other people's money in history. . . . He was trained to sell the public the very types of paper that national banks are not supposed to handle."

Just as Mr. Wiggin and Mr. Mitchell discovered Europe as a great repository for the savings of American investors, so Mr. Dillon, of Dillon Read, discovered Latin America. "Mr. Dillon tested the American market with $25 millions of Brazilian 8 per cent.'s. They were as popular as Brazilian nuts. The firm collected as commission $467,125 from this issue." Altogether Mr. Dillon handled over $209 millions of Latin-American issues—the commissions being fantastic. We read that the security affiliate of even the respectable Guaranty Trust managed or participated in $5½ billions of foreign bonds in ten years of the so-called boom and snatched a profit of $13 millions.

Some of the character sketches are well done. I like the description of General Dawes. "His pretence of unusual force and virility, which so frequently exhibits itself in crudity, may be subconsciously motivated from an inferiority complex superinduced in part by a soprano voice." Perhaps Mr. Bernard Baruch, the friend of Mr. Roosevelt, emerges from this book with the least amount of tar and feathers. Mr. Baruch is the champion "bear" of Wall Street. Apparently he foresaw the stock market crash and acted accordingly. "When I first went down the Street," said Mr. Baruch, "I was taught to respect certain great minds. I found they were a pretty shallow set; in fact, I found there were more overrated men in Wall Street than in any other street in the world. So I borrowed a motto from a prize-fighter. 'The bigger they come the harder they fall.' Thereafter I did very nicely."

"When the Brain Trust dissolves at the end of the Roosevelt honeymoon," says our Gentleman with a Duster, "I am disposed to think that the most potent brain in Washington will be the brain of Mr. Bernard M. Baruch." TOREADOR.

WILL DYSON WRITES

ARTIST AMONG THE BANKERS

'Seldom have the pundits of orthodoxy been more magnificently and even lyrically insulted. It is clear that Mr. Dyson spat in his hands, seized a pen and let fly at the bankers with a grin of delight.' NEW ENGLISH WEEKLY.

'An extraordinarily effective "debunking" of the financial gods of our day.' REYNOLDS NEWS.

'His pen is a weapon hardly less deadly than the cartoonist pencil which he usually wields.' FRANCIS WILLIAMS in the DAILY HERALD.

'Mr. Dyson shows himself to be a writer of real power in this book. He is the most fertile in ideas of any cartoonist who ever lived, and here ideas are thrown out in profusion on every page.' NEW BRITAIN.

'Mr. Dyson writes very much as he draws: with an intense ferocity and a full conviction.' OBSERVER.

'No one can read this book without being deeply attracted by the personality it expresses . . . The volume would be worth while possessing were it only for the superb cartoons with which it is adorned.' MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

'Every decent man will respect Mr. Dyson for the book.' BEVERLEY NICHOLS in the WEEK-END REVIEW.

PUBLISHED BY DENT AT SIX SHILLINGS

I Commit to the Flames!

by

IVOR BROWN

The most amusing "hate book" of our generation. Mr. Ivor Brown pours ridicule upon the Sex Complex, the D. H. Lawrence Cult, the cult of the ugly in art, and other foibles of the day, which he, in company with most intelligent people, considers flame-worthy.

6s. net

HAMISH HAMILTON

UNITARIANS IN CATHEDRAL PULPIT

THE LIVERPOOL CONTROVERSY

Readers interested in Lord Hugh Cecil's action against the Bishop of Liverpool should read

THE BELIEFS OF A UNITARIAN

By ALFRED HALL, M.A., B.D., *President of the General Assembly of Unitarian and Free Christian Churches.*

Price 6d. (by post 7d.) or cloth 1s. 6d. (by post 1s. 8d.)

2d. pamphlets on the subject include "The Story of Unitarianism" by R. V. Holt, M.A., B.Litt., and "What Unitarians Believe" by Dorothy Tarrant, M.A., Ph.D. Send for Catalogue, **THE LINDSEY PRESS, Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.**

BUMPUS

BOOK BARGAINS. A Stocktaking sale of books withdrawn from our stock and offered at greatly reduced Prices is now being held on the First Floor.

ENGLISH ART. Visitors to Burlington House should see the display of books on English Art at Bumpus's.

ALL THE NEW BOOKS reviewed in this and other papers can be seen at Bumpus's.

J. & E. BUMPUS LTD.

BOOKSELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

350 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W1. *Telephone; Mayfair 3601*

BOOKS

Just Published

STUDIES FRENCH AND ENGLISH

F. L. Lucas

Running over the full course of literature from the Middle Ages until to-day, these studies, with their extraordinary warmth and colour, the exquisite writing and illuminating insight of Mr. Lucas, will be a delight to every lover of literature—English or French.

10/6 net

★ ★ ★

FROM OLYMPUS TO THE STYX

F. L. Lucas *and* Prudence Lucas

One of the most enthralling and descriptive books of travel ever published. The authors with learning, sympathy and quiet humour see Greece as she really is, and, linking up the present with her long dead past, make the whole country live its history over again.

12/6 net

16 half-tone plates, and map

£1000

PRIZE NOVEL COMPETITION

Apply for particulars (using a pseudonym) to

Curtis Brown Ltd., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, England

CASSELL

GULLIVER IN LILLIPUT

Swift or The Egotist. By MARIO M. ROSSI and J. M. HONE. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

A time may come when it is possible to apply the findings of psycho-analysis to many problems, both personal and intellectual, presented by the lives of our great European poets and novelists. For the moment, however, psycho-analysis and the contemplation of literary genius do not mix; the psycho-analyst cannot distinguish—that, at least, is the conclusion we must draw from Dr. Laforgue's little book on Baudelaire, a recent study of Dostoevsky and several other essays of the same school—between the genius and the ordinary neurotic. The quality in a great writer's composition that enables him to assimilate and justify—at any rate, as far as his own work is concerned—characteristics that he shares with the rank and file of neurasthenic patients a psycho-analyst seldom takes into account. He scales down a poet's biography to a typical case-history, disregarding the one feature that gives it importance. The result is often patronising and rather inept; rarely does it increase our knowledge of the subject in hand.

Among writers whose life and work seem to call for the attention of some future and more enlightened exponent of psycho-analytical methods, few offer so extensive and conspicuous a target as the author of *Gulliver's Travels*, *The Journal to Stella* and *The Drapier Letters*. Whence did it arise, that fascinated abhorrence of the human body and its digestive and excretory functions, in a man who was neither an ascetic nor a person unfitted by temperament for the hurly-burly of daily life? Swift, after all, was a man of affairs. Here was no constipated introvert, self-secluded from every contact that might have jarred on a precarious and finely balanced nervous system. Politicians clamoured for his services; noblemen paid him court; great ladies, whom he amused and flattered and snubbed, disputed his company at cards or dinner; while young women had a way of falling in love with him. Here was a man, one might have supposed, who had a gift for life; he enjoyed, or appeared to enjoy, the companionship of his fellow human beings; he enjoyed power and was able to gratify this taste without any diminution of his own intellectual independence; he attracted friendship and, in the field of sociability, appreciated not only the frequent snobbish triumphs that crowned his exertions as a pamphleteer but retained a fondness for the small change of social existence—afternoons spent at home with Stella and Dingley, coffee-drinking, walks and innocuous pleasantries. Yet through his career ran a thread of gloom and disgust. In a world not prolific of either commodity, friendship and love were both his; but he passed them by and allowed them to rot upon the ground. Poor Vanessa died rejected and broken-hearted; even Stella—his delightful Stella—he kept at arm's length.

To the problems of Swift's personal conduct, Mr. Mario Rossi and Mr. J. M. Hone have devoted a great deal of elaborate and patient argument. Sometimes their ingenuity over-reaches itself; this is not a book about Swift—that is to say, it is not an imaginative or critical reconstruction of Swift as he lived, suffered and wrote—so much as a learned and detailed commentary on all previous books that have dealt with the same subject. Probably the best chapter is that concerned with an investigation of the various painful and mysterious maladies with which Swift had been afflicted since early youth. The authors will not have it that, towards the end of his life, Swift was ever really mad. "There was no actual insanity," they declare. "There was an increasing debility of memory which, aggravated by his deafness, gradually destroyed his faculty of speech. The probabilities of his case have already been sufficiently defined by Bucknill, who speaks of dementia with aphasia. . . ." Elsewhere, describing his condition, they remark that "this may be insanity in law, but it is very far from insanity in fact. Swift was only utterly decayed. . . This lamentable condition was the outcome not of an unbalanced mind but of years of solitude." On the other hand, the solitude of Swift's last years had itself been caused by the fits of violent rage, expressed in "incessant strains of obscenity and swearing," that made it difficult to approach the terrible cleric. His new biographers debate the problem at considerable length; but they leave their readers almost as confused and perplexed as before.

And then, of course, there is the problem of his sexual life. A good many hypotheses have been advanced to explain the ambiguity of Swift's relationship with the two women, Stella and Vanessa, by whom he was adored and followed. Mr. Rossi and Mr. Hone fall back on the all-embracing theory that, in this as in other departments of Swift's private and public life, his conduct was determined by the intense egotism and selfish distaste for complications, peculiar to an ambitious and calculating man, which they conceive as his master motive. He was reluctant to marry because it did not suit his book and because, having a very marked aversion from the more squalid aspect of intimate domestic commerce, he knew "perfectly well that romance is incompatible with the exigencies of married life." The side of Swift's character which is represented by the notorious "Celia" verses—a side with which Mr. Aldous Huxley made great play, when discussing Swift's hatred and horror of the bowels and of the functions that pertain to them—the authors of this latest study are inclined to think has been vastly exaggerated. In short, the contention that Swift was "normal"—though, no doubt, abnormally self-centred—is the corner-stone of their painstaking critical edifice. It has been built up of good intentions and careful reading, though some of its generalisations are a trifle flimsy. Neat, symmetrical and well-ventilated, it is much too small for the mountainous behemoth it was intended to house.

LITERARY MYSTICISM

Reason and Beauty in the Poetic Mind. By CHARLES WILLIAMS. *Oxford University Press.* 6*s.*

Mr. Williams, in his new study, throws more light upon the critical mind than upon the poetic state. When poets used abstract ideas in the past, they personified them and a capital letter made all the difference between philosophy and poetry. Reason frowned or rebuked, Beauty smiled or wandered along her eternal path. But to the critic an abstract idea is an inexhaustible delight for it is infinitely subdivisible and multiplicable. The rarity of philosophic first principles in English poetry is shown by the fact that critics have devoted books to Keat's youthful couplet concerning Truth and Beauty as though it were an axiom of Descartes or Berkeley. The "Reason" of Mr. Williams's title is not of course that rational faculty which is so frequently absent from the affairs of the world, but that high state of imaginative illumination described by Wordsworth—"Reason in her most exalted mood." It is significant that Mr. Williams ignores the personification which proves that Wordsworth was not an abstract thinker.

Mr. Williams develops the ingenious variation on critical method which he employed in his last book. Taking Wordsworth's definition of poetry as "Power," he applies the formula to other periods of English poetry, working back through the Augustan age to Milton, Shakespeare and Spenser. The method is subtle and persuasive; it yields some interesting results; but it is *a priori* criticism for all its balm. Wordsworth's intimations and glorification of the poetic profession are too general for particular application. A critical weapon must have an edge and "Power" is too vague; as well might one use Pantheism in order to explore the mysteries of the Trinity. Borrowing in analogy the philosophic definition of a true present, a specious present and an eternal present, Mr. Williams discovers for us an immediate self, a specious self and an eternal self. Good poetry may be made of any of these three selves, but it is obvious that Mr. Williams prefers the eternal species. The drawback to this type of speculation is that it can end as effectively in the Nicene Creed as in Milton's Arianism.

In the concluding chapter of his book, Mr. Williams indicates that he has been moving in that metaphysical world which the critical mind has superimposed upon English poetry. Having dealt with the chief characters of Shakesperean tragedy and the problems of Good and Evil evoked by them, or rather life itself, he admits:

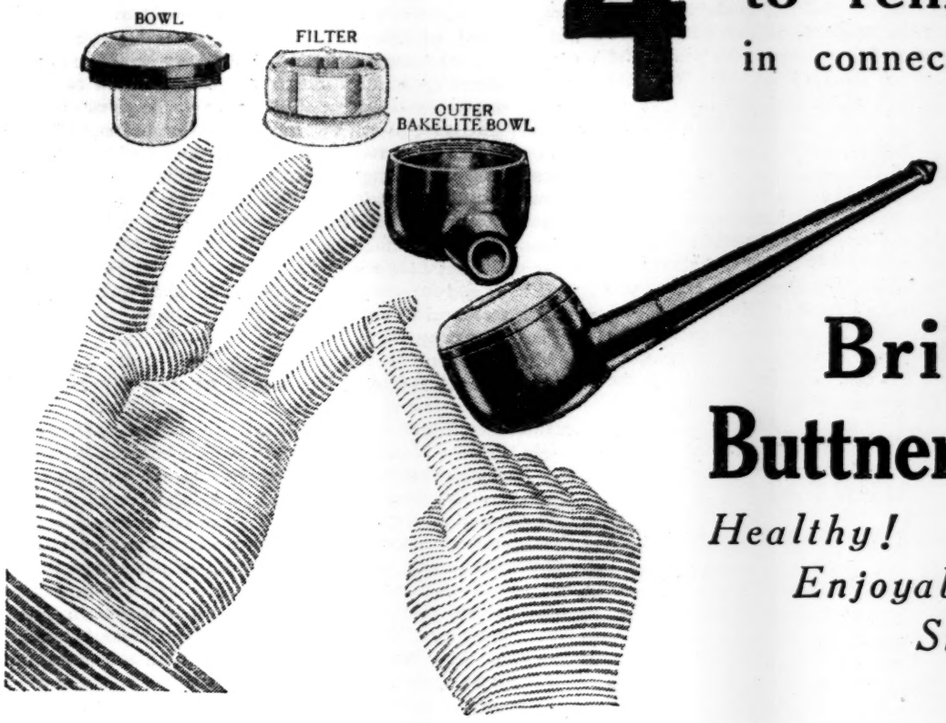
> We have made a complex experience of Shakespeare and some new Augustan coolness may have to rebuke the romantic heat. But meanwhile we have to decide for ourselves whether that heat is fever or healthy ardour, whether that union of beauty and truth in poetry mirrors a state of being our Trojan or Danish or Moorish spirits may at last attain: whether it is indeed just to say that in this mode of experience which we call the world there are at least two great realities, Shakespeare and Death.

One cannot but respect this mode of literary mysticism in which romantic criticism, after great toil, sleeps well.

Mr. Williams is not unaware of the unbeautiful and irrational state into which the contemporary poetic mind has fallen.

> A book of some interest might be written upon English literature through the ages under the title of *The Skeleton*—how the Elizabethans bragged about it and the Jacobeans intellectualised it, and the

4 POINTS
to remember
in connection with



The British Buttner Pipe

Healthy!
Enjoyable!
Simple!
Unique!

HEALTHY.—The British Buttner Pipe has no hidden corners or tubes but contains a light, porous, absorbent ceramic Filter which takes the nicotine etc., allowing the smoke to reach the mouth, cool, clean, dry and fragrant.

ENJOYABLE.—The British Buttner Pipe enhances the joys of Pipe smoking. To those accustomed to Pipes it brings an improved smoke. To others who could never enjoy a Pipe it is a revelation, free from the disadvantages which they have always associated with Pipe smoking. It will enable them to join the Happy Throng who derive from a British Buttner Pipe the full pleasure of a perfect smoke.

SIMPLE.—The construction of the British Buttner Pipe is simple and intelligible. The Outer Bowl is of Bakelite in Rosewood (the standard shade) and Light Briarwood shades, the Inner Bowl of superior Porcelain, the best medium for burning tobacco. When the filter becomes saturated with nicotine, etc., it can be cleaned and purified by simply burning it off on a fire or over a gas ring. In a minute or two it becomes red hot, then cools off to pure white ready for use again. Additional Filters, when required, can be obtained from the Company, or from most leading Tobacconists. Only the filter is imported, everything else made in Great Britain.

Complete Pipe with spare Filter

5/6

Post Free in the U.K.

The British Buttner Pipe Co. Ltd., 49, Queen St., Glasgow, C.1.

Please send me by return a Buttner Pipe with one spare Filter, in payment of which I enclose Postal Order for 5/6.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(Stat.) .....

Please use block capitals for name and address.

Or ask your Tobacconist—but make sure you get a "BUTTNER"

UNIQUE.—There is no Pipe like the British Buttner Pipe. By its ingenious Construction the smoke is compelled to travel upwards and downwards through the fluted passages of the filter before it reaches the mouth, cool, dry and fragrant.

The Buttner Pipe which is already being smoked by hundreds of thousands of smokers in Great Britain and Abroad, makes an immediate appeal to the most exacting smoker. It transforms smoking from a doubtful pleasure to enjoyment free of annoyance.

Try it for yourself!

R.G.B.

Augustans shut it up, and the earlier Romantics, in the excitement of finding it was there, let it partly out, and the curious energy of Beddoes and Hood tried to let it wholly out, and the Victorians, meeting it, chained it and refused to make an intimate of it, and since the Victorians we have not at all agreed what to do with it.

Having referred euphemistically to the great secret, the critic shuts the cupboard door before we have time to peep in.

We may not know what to do with the skeleton in the cupboard or the cat in the bag, but it is the business of the imaginative writer in prose or verse to know. In common with modernist critics who use a different series of abstractions, Mr. Williams avoids the fact that all art is in part an illusion and involves an element of make-belief. A picture from one point of view is a bit of canvas with dabs of paint adhering to it, but we agree to accept the necessary convention of the medium. The problem of the cat in the bag, as far as the poet is concerned, is to a great degree an artistic and technical problem. The poet cannot always be as honest as the philosopher, the scientist or the social reformer. He must compromise with his medium. Belief is not enough if art is neglected! The power in which Wordsworth believed did not save him from dullness and Blake's faith in Divine Imagination produced the prophetic books. The modernist critics who want poets to be the social conscience of the time and compete with our propagandist novelists are not very different from the traditionalist critics after all. Both want to justify the usefulness of art.

AUSTIN CLARKE

THE NAZI MENTALITY

Hitler, Whence and Whither? By WICKHAM STEED. *Nisbet.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Nazi Germany Means War. By LELAND STOWE. *Faber.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

English people who are bewildered by the repeated assurances, coming directly or indirectly from the German Ministry of Propaganda, that the foreign policy of Nazi Germany is pacific will do well to read both these books. Mr. Leland Stowe is an American journalist with seven years' experience in Europe and the Pulitzer prize to his credit. As correspondent of the *New York Herald-Tribune* he set himself the task of finding out the truth about the militarisation of the German mind, and his conclusions are based on a mass of unpleasantly convincing evidence. He does not rely on *Mein Kampf* or the works of Dr. Banse, though both of these are relevant since *Mein Kampf* has been sold (without the tactful expurgations of the English edition) in hundreds of thousands since the Nazi Revolution, and Dr. Banse's professorship did not end when his book, giving plans for the invasion of Great Britain (amongst other countries) was withdrawn in deference to English susceptibilities. He quotes verbatim from Nazi speeches urging war as the objective of all activity; he gives details of the military character of every form of Nazi organisation: discusses with care and objectivity the extent of German rearmament and gives a really appalling account of the military propaganda in the schools and universities. The 1933–34 curriculum of the University of Berlin includes new courses (instead of abandoned cultural lectures) on *Poison Gas* (Faculty of Medicine), *Military Geography and Military Policy* (Department of History), *Military Technique and its relation to Mathematics and Physics* (Department of Science), and so on, and so on. Mr. Stowe has no doubt that "Nazi Germany means War."

Mr. Wickham Steed's remarkable book bears out this thesis and goes much farther. His long experience of pre-war Austria, where Hitler learnt his anti-Semitism and much else beside, enables Mr. Steed to throw light from an unusual angle on the origin of some Nazi ideas. In a scathing chapter on Germanism and Jewry he examines the case for German anti-Semitism and destroys it as effectively as he explodes the Nordic Myth in his first chapter. In passing he makes the interesting point that the Zionist movement, which he thinks admirable in itself, had the unfortunate effect of emphasising the national aspect of Jewry and so stimulating anti-Semitism. He writes with weight and authority and gives the best picture yet available in English of Nazi mentality. Within its limits the book could scarcely be bettered. The limits are obvious. Mr. Steed does not pay adequate attention to the part played by allied policy in producing a pathological state of mind in Germany: he does not refer to the wonderful opportunity that was thrown away after the war when defeat had thrown the better elements of Germany to the top. More important, he neglects almost entirely the economic basis of German Fascism: he does not point out that Hitler could never have succeeded without the support of Thyssen and big business, nor discuss the persistent report that some of his financial backing came from French as well as German armament makers. In other words, Mr. Steed is content to see the Nazi movement as the new form of the "German menace": he has still to relate it to the world phenomenon of Fascism which has causes not confined to Germany, and which menaces civilisation here and in every country.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

CECIL SHARP

Cecil Sharp. By A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS and MAUD KARPELES. *Oxford University Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Though vocations are probably inborn, Augustine from birth Saint Augustine, they may take some discovery; those who have to look longest are commonly those who, having found, clasp most devotedly. Cecil Sharp was forty-five when his vocation was revealed to him by Mr. William Kimber, junior, "bricklayer by trade and dancer by profession," playing the concertina for the leapings and dancings of eight men dressed in white, trimmed with bells and ribbons, carrying coloured sticks and white handkerchiefs. They were all ill off for work; and though it was Boxing Day and their morris liturgically proper to Whitsun, they thought it would do no harm to give their performance and earn a penny or two.

It did a great deal of harm. It led to the infuriation of Sir Charles Stanford and the disquieting of the Esperance Club and the Folk-Song Society, it obliged the Board of Education to write letters and memorandums, it sprained a quantity of ankles, roused savage differences of opinion and regenerated English music. For that performance of a morris loosed into his vocation a man of passionate energies with the weight of two-thirds of his life behind him and the attraction of a life-work before him, a man with an intently listening look and one of those dangerous high-hooked noses which, having once snuffed the right scent, will never be turned aside from it. One feels that if Mr. Kimber had looked

FINE COGNAC—

AGED in wood. The perfect Brandy. The finest Liqueur. Even the glasses reflect the shadow of the cask in which 'Cordon Bleu' is matured for 35 years.

MARTELL'S
CORDON BLEU

twice at that nose he might have hesitated. Fortunately, he did not.

To those untouched by the revival of folk dance and folk song, this biography of Cecil Sharp may seem to devote too much space to unimportant squabbles; to infected readers it will seem a cold precis of vital dogmas. Mr. Fox Strangways and Miss Karpeles, writing with an eye on the time when Cecil Sharp and his work can be viewed in a more distant and united perspective, have steered a wise course between the faithful and the agnostics, giving as many facts as possible and showing great self-control about feelings. The book is well indexed and well documented. The nineteen pages of illustrations are grouped at the end of the book, a sensible and convenient method. It contains much that is interesting, much that is entertaining; above all, it is to be praised for its loyalty to the point of view so inflexibly held by Sharp himself through incessant pressure from those who would make of folk song and folk dance either a feeble diversion for drawing-rooms, or a healthy exercise for board-schools: that which to the lost rustic mind and rustic memory was a pleasurable intricacy must be thought of by us, if we are to understand it at all, as something demanding the use of the intellect.

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

THOMAS MANN

Thomas Mann: A Study. By JAMES CLEUGH. *Secker.* 6s.

There are two main divisions in Mr. Cleugh's book: the first is devoted to a short, excellently informed biography, and the second to the works themselves. In the latter, the author is at his best in his elucidations of the novels and stories, where he has positive evidence to examine. When he is on his own, so to speak, in those paragraphs which incline to set off with a rhetorical question, and a rush, "What is virtue?" etc., he becomes somewhat breathless and flustered. So does the reader, towed away as he is at a good round pace, over full stops and proper names, and with small reward for his pains at the end. But his interpretation, for instance, of *The Magic Mountain*, possibly the greatest novel of our time, is admirable. Thomas Mann himself (Mr. Cleugh's translation) says, in *Reflections*, "Before the war I had begun to write a little novel, a kind of pedagogic history, in which a young man stranded in a morally dangerous resort is placed between two equally eccentric educators, an Italian man of letters, a humanist, a rhetorician, a 'progressive,' and on the other side a rather disreputable mystic reactionary and advocate of anti-reason. The worthy youth had to choose between the forces of virtue and temptation, between duty, the service of life, and the fascination of decay, to which he was somewhat susceptible."

Mr. Cleugh expresses the subject-matter of this book as being the solution, perhaps, of a problem, an antithesis, which he finds implicit in most of the previous works. On the one hand we have the Italian, Settembrini, the Goethe-figure: he was once "the prince who found happiness in love" of an earlier story, *His Royal Highness*. In him are found the arguments of the world. On the other, is Naphta, the Schiller-figure: he was the writer of *Death in Venice*, who found happiness in extinction. In him are the arguments of the spirit. Both are become didactics, fighters in their causes over the body of Castorp, the hero, with whom, finally, it is suggested that the synthesis accomplishes itself.

If certain references in the foregoing seem obscure, I can only apologise, adding that they will not be found so by Mr. Cleugh's readers. But I have little space here to comment on what is at once the central problem of his subject's work, and of German thought since Fichte. It has to do with the opposition that the German intuitively sees between form and life. Our biographer, however, has translated two aphorisms of Mann's which may be of use in this connection, "For there is no conflict between nature and culture; the second only ennobles the first; it does not repudiate it," and, "But nature is not spirit; in fact, this antithesis is, I should say, the greatest of all antitheses."

Mann, like Hegel, conceives of the world-process as a dialectic, and it is from this, for him, that the profoundest drama, the search for the synthesis, springs. Against the reasonable Day we have the dreaming Night. Against the Apollonian forces, the Dionysian. Goethe and Tolstoy, the "naives," against Wagner and Schopenhauer, the "sentimentals." Finally, it is Mann, the heir of Hamburg burghers, against Mann the aesthete, and it is Mr. Cleugh's grasp of this fundamental point that makes his book a useful and enlightening one.

BRIAN HOWARD

SHORTER NOTICES

The Scotland of Our Fathers: A Study of Scottish Life in the Nineteenth Century. By ELIZABETH S. HALDANE. *Maclehose.* 12s. 6d.

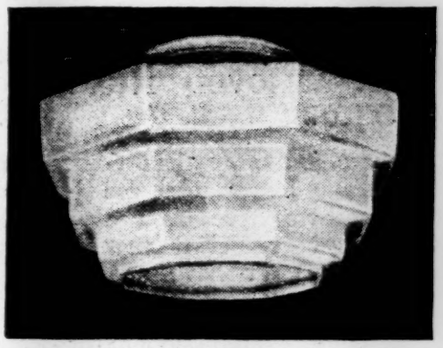
The Presbyterian Tradition. By the Very Rev. CHARLES L. WARR, D.D. *Maclehose.* 7s. 6d.

Some day the curious and depressing story of Scotland in the nineteenth century will be told as Henry Grey Graham told the eighteenth-century story. Mr. Maxton might do it if he could be persuaded to retire to a hermitage and devote the rest of his life and his sombre talents to the task. Meanwhile, we must make shift with Miss Haldane's mixture of genial reminiscence and higgledy-piggledy compilation. The chief value of her book is that it is the work of one who belongs to an unbroken Scottish tradition, and her brilliant, if fitful, lights on the changes in rural life almost make one forgive the errors, omissions and lack of perspective of her general narrative. As the nineteenth century (like the eighteenth and the seventeenth and the sixteenth) was a time of great ecclesiastical agitation in Scotland, Dr. Warr's *apologia* for the Presbyterian discipline may be recommended as a companion volume. It is a rapid historical review of the Scottish Church from the earliest times to the present day. It is clear and candid to a degree that may offend zealots, but the case for Presbyterianism has never been better put.

Watermills and Windmills. By WILLIAM COLES FINCH. *Daniel.* 15s.

Ancient castles and churches and manor houses, old cottages and bridges stand in their places as of right even in the loveliest natural setting; but the windmill springs so imperatively from the ground that it seems cousin german to the hills and trees and clouds. After centuries of increase till every village of consequence had its mill that this the most beautiful of man-made structures should be in danger of oblivion is as lamentable as it is curious. Mr. Finch in his historical survey of the rise, decline, and fall of water- and windmills is obsessed by the fact that they ground corn. Aesthetically (and one would have thought economically) does it matter what they did or do, so long as they harness the wind? Perhaps the brightest pages of the book are those in which the new windmill at St. Margaret's Bay, that generates electricity, is referred to and pictured. For the rest the volume is a memorial of dead and dying beauty, and it is its greatest merit that it is so rich in pictorial—mostly photographic—record of the mills of Kent before the steam mills began to drive them out of business. In

A Recent Pattern of Great Beauty



VITREOSIL Bowls

(Pure Fused Quartz or Silica)

FOR GAS OR ELECTRIC LIGHT

Vitreosil Lighting Ware is unique in combining rare decorative quality, perfect glare-diffusing properties and complete insensibility to heat, flames and sudden changes of temperature.

ABSOLUTELY HEAT-PROOF

Illustrated above is Vitreosil Octagonal Reflector Bowl GL8/140, 12½ ins. diameter. Price (Bowl only) 23/6. Obtainable from Gas Companies, Ironmongers, Electricians, etc.

British-made by

THE THERMAL SYNDICATE LTD.

VITREOSIL WORKS, WALLSEND-ON-TYNE.

LONDON DEPOT: THERMAL HOUSE, OLD PYE STREET, S.W.1.

GERMAN REFUGEES ASSISTANCE FUND

This appeal is strongly supported by

The Archbishop of Canterbury.
The Archbishop of York.
The Bishop of Exeter.
The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford.
The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge.
The Vice-Chancellor of London.
The Principal of Edinburgh.
Sir William Beveridge, K.C.B.
Professor Ernest Barker.
Viscount Buckmaster, G.C.V.O.
Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, K.C.
Rt. Hon. Sir Austen Chamberlain, K.G.
Brig.-Gen. Sir Wyndham Deedes, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.
Sir Arthur Eddington, F.R.S.
Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher.
Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D.
Rev. Alfred Garvie, D.D.
Professor C. S. Gibson, F.R.S.
The Viscountess Gladstone.
H. Wilson Harris, Esq.
Sir Frederic Kenyon, G.B.E.
Sir Karl Knudsen, K.B.E.
Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P.
Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, M.A.
Dame Edith Lyttelton.
Rt. Hon. the Earl of Lytton, P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.
Professor Gilbert Murray, LL.D.
Rt. Hon. Lord Noel-Buxton, P.C.
Dr. Cyril Norwood.
Lady Parmoor.
Miss Eleanor Rathbone, M.P.
The Lord Rutherford of Nelson, O.M.
Sir Michael Sadler, K.C.S.I., C.B.
Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel, G.C.B.
Sir Josiah Stamp, G.B.E.
Dr. Tissington Tatlow.
Dame Sybil Thorndike.
H. G. Wells, Esq.

THE ASSISTANCE TO THE GERMAN REFUGEES IS NOW AN INTERNATIONAL TASK DEMANDING THE SUPPORT OF ALL WHO BELIEVE IN LIBERAL PRINCIPLES. IT CAN BE APPROACHED ONLY IN A NON-PARTISAN SPIRIT, REMOVED FROM SECTIONAL INTERESTS AND NARROW PARTY AMBITIONS.

There are more than 60,000 refugees outside Germany. An increase in this number is certain. Those who are Jews can look for help to the Jewish relief agencies, but large numbers have been dismissed and driven into exile because they are only partly Jewish (it is sufficient that a University professor has a Jewish grandmother to cause his dismissal), or have expressed liberal opinions criticising the present regime. These partial Jews or " politically unreliable " people must look for assistance to non-Jewish charity.

A High Commissioner for Refugees (Jewish and other) coming from Germany has been appointed to work under a committee of government representatives, with Lord Cecil as chairman. The High Commissioner will co-ordinate the work of the private agencies and deal with the legal and political problems involved, but will not organise direct relief work. *The full burden of relief rests therefore with the private agencies, which are completely dependent upon contributions from the public.*

The five non-Jewish and non-political societies in England have co-ordinated their work and combined their appeals in the GERMAN REFUGEES ASSISTANCE FUND. These are :—

THE ACADEMIC ASSISTANCE COUNCIL (Rooms of the Royal Society, Burlington House, W.1). President, the Lord Rutherford of Nelson, O.M., F.R.S.; Hon. Secretaries: Sir William Beveridge, K.C.B., and Prof. C. S. Gibson, F.R.S. The Council, in defence of academic freedom, has provided research facilities for dismissed University teachers by means of temporary maintenance grants; in co-operation with academic committees in other countries it is finding more permanent openings for these scholars and scientists throughout the world. Directly or indirectly the Council has secured temporary refuge in Great Britain for 142 academic workers. Unless substantial

funds are subscribed, these maintenance grants will expire before openings have been found, and these University teachers will be destitute, their abilities lost to the world.

INTERNATIONAL STUDENT SERVICE (3, Endsleigh Street, W.C.1). Chairman, Professor Ernest Barker; Secretary in England, Gareth Maufe. This Committee, with twelve years' experience in relief work, has organised retraining camps in England and France, in which students can receive intensive courses in agriculture and manual trades, to equip them for other than the professional careers in which there is no future for them. Scholarships for the completion of their studies are given only to the most brilliant. The needs of the students are specially urgent because in most cases they have no reserves with which to support themselves even temporarily.

The INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR SECURING EMPLOYMENT FOR REFUGEE PROFESSIONAL WORKERS (Liaison officer in England, Mrs. Mary Ormerod, 8, Primrose Hill Road, N.W.3). British representatives, Lord Cecil and Mrs. Corbett Ashby. This committee, with headquarters at Geneva, is making enquiries throughout the world to discover openings for nurses, social workers, doctors, schoolteachers and other professional men and women. Many hundreds of individuals have been enabled to start new careers, and there are over two hundred openings immediately available if money can be found to meet the initial expenses of travel, etc.

THE GERMANY EMERGENCY COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS (Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1). Chairman, Prof. G. B. JEFFERY; Secretary, Miss Bertha Bracey. The Quakers have organised relief centres, language classes, schools and rest homes in the centres where the greatest numbers of the refugees exist, for instance, in Paris and Amsterdam. They have started farms in the South of France and training centres elsewhere, in which refugee families can adapt themselves to agricultural life. Many constructive schemes, such as the provision of a farm school in Holland and a children's school in England, can be immediately put into operation as soon as money is provided.

THE SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND GERMAN APPEAL COMMITTEE (40, Gordon Square, W.C.1). President of the Fund, Lord Noel-Buxton. Chairman of the committee, Mrs. Ayrton Gould. Secretary, L. B. Golden. The committee, in co-operation with its committees on the Continent, has established camps for refugee children; opened a school in a chateau near Compiègne; started kitchens and social clubs in Paris; provided clothing and blankets for the children in the "barracks" in France; and developed a scheme for the financial "adoption" of individual children or families. The needs of children, who will be injured most permanently by a refugee existence, make the strongest claim on humanitarian grounds.

Funds are needed with desperate urgency; they will be spent on essentially constructive relief in saving human lives and in salvaging the learning and ability which the refugees possess. Every care is taken not to disturb the economic conditions of any country or community. England cannot offer shelter to large numbers in the same way as France, which has welcomed nearly 30,000 refugees, and other countries such as Holland, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Scandinavia, which are providing help and refuge. England must therefore play a proportionately bigger part in financing the permanent schemes of solution which these five societies are prosecuting, in co-operation with the High Commissioner.

THE ORGANISERS FEEL CONFIDENT THAT THEIR APPEAL HERE WILL BRING A GENEROUS AND WIDE RESPONSE. ALL ARE ASKED TO GIVE WHATEVER THEY CAN—NO GIFT IS TOO SMALL OR TOO LARGE—BUT DO PLEASE GIVE SOMETHING **NOW!**

Cheques should be made payable to the

GERMAN REFUGEES ASSISTANCE FUND

and sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir Karl Knudsen, K.B.E., at the offices of the Fund,

235 Abbey House, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1

Donations may, if desired, be earmarked for any one of the five societies; contributions to the general fund are allocated in agreed proportions to the five societies. *General Secretary*, WALTER ADAMS. 'PHONE: VIC. 5927

such a record slips are almost inevitable, but in case a future edition is called for it may be well to point out that the mill at Limpsfield Chart was not pulled down in 1877, but lingered on till just before or just after the war. This mill, however, is in Surrey, and the survey proper is really confined to Kent. It only remains to add that Mr. Finch is a most agreeable companion, as he takes us through space and time in search of mills long since destroyed, now standing derelict, or—all too few—still working.

Week-end Competitions

Number 202

Set by Sir John Squire

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a song written to the tune of "The Soldiers of the Queen," with the refrain "It's the Monster of Loch Ness, My Boys."

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Queen St., W.C.2. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, February 2nd.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The results of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 200

Report by Frank Sidgwick

A first prize of two guineas and a second prize of half a guinea for a dialogue in verse between two B.B.C. Announcers, debating the propriety of paying any attention to the recommendations of the Advisory Committee. Their controversy should be a conduit for disputable pronunciations rendered explicable by the metre. Limit, 20 lines.

I am afraid there is something in the above wording which frightened away a number of competitors, and upset many of those who entered—was it the limit of twenty lines? Several who began well, with bright ideas, broke off short or failed to maintain the level of brightness to the end. One competitor was apparently concerned to know what would happen if an Announcer subservient to the Committee's recommendations had to read aloud Calverley's *In the Gloaming*:—

To their feet, I say—for Leech's sketch indisputably teaches
That the mermaids of our beaches do not end in scaly tails.

And another signing his attempt Glutinous George started off with the right butterwoman's rank to market:

A. Alas, alas, have I a tryst
With one who says *psychiatrist?*
B. And I with one so biddable
That he can say *formidable,*
Nor scorns the law immutable
That makes him say *disputable?*
A. I say he's justly Rickable
Who dares to say *applicable.* . . .
B. Poor wretch, how doubtful hovers he
About the gross *controversy!*

but his other ten lines were of no account. Similarly William Bliss, after a charming rhyme of *constable* with *unstable*, fell away. Several others made play with no words other than those indicated in the setting of the problem; some further handicapped themselves by using a double-time metre where a triple-time one would have served their purpose far better. T. E. Casson, in an ingenious series of rhymes, confined himself to the word "worsted." Arthur Oliver, with an admirable facility in metre and rhyme, scarcely attacked the problem of the disputed pronunciations. Allan M. Laing was another who began well, but appeared to get a stone in his shoe and finished limping.

No contribution is so supereminent as to deserve the whole of the first prize: One Guinea goes to each of the two prize-winners H. C. M. and N. B., and the second prize is withheld. The prize poems follow:

JOINT FIRST PRIZE

THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE

A. You've heard their last? I wonder if
You'll get your tongue to run to it.
It seems to me a trifle stiff
To call a conduit conduit.

B. Well, I was born in Conduit Street
And claim to be a pundit;
I'll tolerate no counterfeit
But call my birth-place Conduit.

A. The germs that wriggle in their brain
To me are quite inscrutable;
Indisputable they maintain
Should turn to indisputable.

B. A laboratory once became,
According to their story,
A lavatory, so its name
Must be laboratory.

A and B. Let them advise! We'll gladly own
Their gift of inspiration—
But put into the microphone
Our own pronunciation.

H. C. M.

JOINT FIRST PRIZE

Young Marjoribanks and young Cholmondely
Began to talk of things—
M. cheerfully, C. glumly—
How syren sister sings;
And now decadent for us
Are diaries one keeps,
In which the indecorous
Take periodic Pepys:
Quoth M., "this controversy
On language makes me sick."
"But then," said C., "dear Percy,
You are no fanatic."
"True, Algernon, but you must own
That I am far from gross—
I am well-bred, enjoy a scone
And don't adore Eros."
"Good is our form and high our class,
So let us both agree
To ridicule the British Ass,
And bluff the B.B.C.!"

N. B.

The Making of Verse:
a Guide to English Metres
by
Robert SWANN & Frank SIDGWICK
"It should supersede all preceding guides to versification."—*Morning Post.*
"Should be helpful to the uninitiated . . . There is here a wealth of illustration that is in itself stimulating."
—*Manchester Guardian.*
3/6 net
SIDGWICK & JACKSON, LTD.
44. MUSEUM STREET, W.C.1

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 57.—THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

(By S. T. SHOVELTON)

In view of the failure of the League's attempts to settle the world's problems by discussion, it was decided to settle them by football. "Our objective" (as the President explained) "is more clearly defined goals. In that way we shall be better able to keep in touch."

To begin with, ten disputatious countries took part in the League's first contest. Each played one match (Association) against each of the others, nine rounds being played in all.

Ten goals were scored against each team, but no two teams scored the same number of goals against any one team, while only in the case of two teams was the number of goals scored against them made up in exactly the same way.

Apeland scored in each of their games, Luna only in their game against Apeland, and each other country in two of their games.

STOP THAT COLD
with

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

"A drop on your handkerchief"

Between the first and the second sneeze there is time to take precautions. You can either neglect the oncoming cold, with all its unpleasant and possibly dangerous consequences, or you can stop the infection with "Vapex".

Simply put a drop on the handkerchief. As you breathe it grows stronger and stronger. The head is relieved. The "stuffiness" goes. The whole respiratory system is gently stimulated to increased resistance.

"Vapex" stops colds quickly because it goes straight to the cause of the trouble—the germs which multiply so rapidly in the warm passages of the nose and throat. The simple act of breathing the pleasant "Vapex" vapour brings an active germicide into direct contact with the infection.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V104

AT THE
ROYAL ALBERT HALL
On Tuesday, 6th February, at 8 p.m.

LORD CECIL
LORD IRWIN (NOW LORD HALIFAX)
SIR HERBERT SAMUEL
MR. P. J. NOEL-BAKER
LADY ASTOR
MR. VERNON BARTLETT
MR. H. W. AUSTIN
will speak on

Maintaining The League of Nations as the Alternative to International Anarchy

A resolution will also be moved declaring that the manufacture and sale of arms should not be carried on for private profit.

Seats (numbered and reserved) **1/-** to **10/6**, and a limited number of free tickets, to be obtained from the League of Nations Union, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.

AT THE ORGAN
LLEWELLYN BEVAN, A.R.C.O., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.

1934 January, **NEW ATLANTIS** Quarterly 3/6 Post 6d.

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ALL WESTERN CULTURE—Economics, Politics, Science, Psychology, Art, Poetry, Religion. Jan., 1934 issue includes This Intolerable Liberty—Jan Gordon, The International Money Trust—C. F. Bennett, Scotland and the Future—N. Katharin Wells, Science in Parliament—H. W. J. Stone, Warning to New Europe—Jack Common, Science Must Lead—Frederick Soddy. Illustrations of Modern Italian Art; Sculptures by Mestrović, etc. Testament to the Kingly—Van Eeden, Our Religion of Steel—Erich Gutkind. Poetry by Josip Kosor, Vladimir Nazor, Otakar Březina, Guiterman, MacDiarmid. Other articles by Stephen Graham, S. G. Hobson, J. T. Murphy, Glorney Bolton, etc.

From any newsagent, or from 55 GOWER STREET, W.C.1

JOIN IN
THIS MAGNIFICENT WORK

The standard of duty and sacrifice of our Life-Boatmen in their rescue work is traditional.

Will you, too, play your part?

One million five shillings each year are needed to maintain the Life-Boat Service.

Send whatever you can afford in pounds, shillings or pence.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

SOUTHERN COUNTIES
BUILDING SOCIETY

DIRECTORS
The Viscount Brentford. Sir George Thurston, K.B.E.
J. Hugh Edwards, Esq., J.P. W. Skelt, Esq. A. Hall, Esq.

FOR A LIMITED PERIOD

SHARES will be ISSUED at **5% TAX FREE** *EQUIVALENT TO* **£6 - 13 - 4%**

A SAFE AND SOUND INVESTMENT

Call or write: SOUTHERN COUNTIES BUILDING SOCIETY
(Dept. S.8), 16, CITY ROAD, E.C.1. Telephones: National 0126-7-8

Apeland was head of the table, though the number of goals scored by Apeland against any team was lower than the number scored against that team by any other that scored against them. Apeland's matches against Egregia and Fo-Fum produced the same result.

Luna failed to win any of their matches, but had the satisfaction of being the only team, other than Depravia, to score against Apeland. Apeland scored the winning goal against Luna just on time.

Seven of the teams had the same goal average, only Apeland and Bolonia having a better.

Twenty-three matches were drawn without a goal being scored.

The largest number of goals was scored in the fourth round match between Bolonia and Cheeripip.

In the fifth round Cheeripip beat Luna and Depravia just lost to Bolonia, a goal which they claimed being disallowed by the referee.

Egregia won two matches: against Fo-Fum in the first round and against Depravia in the eighth round.

Gaga won two matches: against Egregia in the second round and against Fo-Fum in the third round. The Kakos Islands beat Egregia in the fourth round and Gaga in the sixth round. Hubris won their seventh-round match against the Kakos Islands.

Bolonia played Egregia in the sixth round and Hubris in the ninth round.

Depravia played the Kakos Islands in the third round and Fo-Fum in the ninth round.

Cheeripip played Hubris in the first round, Egregia in the seventh round, and Gaga in the ninth round.

Fo-Fum played Luna in the second round, Hubris in the fourth round, and Cheeripip in the eighth round.

Luna played the Kakos Islands in the first round and Depravia in the seventh round.

Give a table showing the scores in each of the matches played in each of the nine rounds.

PROBLEM 54.—CUES.

A set of Low's cartoons goes to Rupert Morcom, The Clock House, Bromsgrove.

Eight points are awarded.

PROBLEM 56.—DR. BRAVADO'S HOME

Several first-class solvers have claimed a multiplicity of solutions; I venture, therefore, to invite them to read the problem again. The first paragraph is perhaps open to more interpretations than one, but, in simple problems of this type, it is (I think) legitimate to assume that, if a reasonable construction of the wording enables an unique solution to be determined, then that is the construction intended. Otherwise, the statement of the problem involves too heavy an underlining of the answer.

"Second Thoughts" are permissible, provided they reach me in time.

PROBLEM 55.—TANGENT

Trial-and-error plus *nous* will solve the problem fairly quickly. Old Tangent left £800, divided thuswise:

800 { 2; 14 { 2, 4, 8; 98 { 14 = 2, 4, 8 (as above); 28 = 4, 8, 16 „; 56 = 8, 16, 32 „; 686 { 98 = 2, 4, 8, 4, 8, 16, 8, 16, 32 (as above); 196 = 4, 8, 16, 8, 16, 32, 16, 32, 64 „; 392 = 8, 16, 32, 16, 32, 64, 32, 64, 128 „

i.e., 40 legacies averaging £20. Of these young Tangent gets the largest —*i.e.*, £128.

CORRESPONDENCE

Sadly in arrears again. I have been short-handed lately, but am making fresh arrangements as from the end of this month.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution, selected at random.

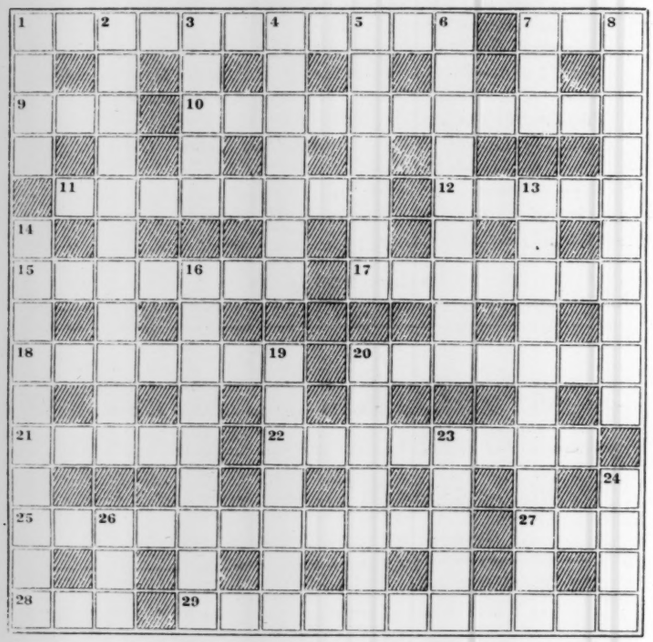
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have secured a prize on this cumulative point basis become eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150.

Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, and must reach this office not later than the Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 203

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

LAST WEEK'S WINNER

Mrs. N. G. Horner, 3 Smith Street, Chelsea, S.W.3. is the winner of last week's crossword

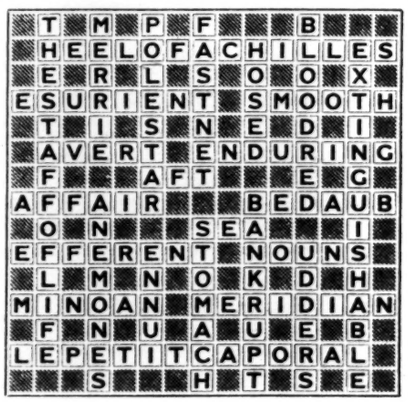
ACROSS

1. Poetically boisterous (11).
7. Explosive when put to 1 down (3).
9 and 28. Employs a goose (6).
10. Mercutio's name for Tybalt pluralised (11).
11. See 21 (8).
12. There's not enough order in the crowd (5).
15. First French exports after the *Ancien Régime* (7)
17. Orders (7).
18. A line producing not produced by rulers (7).
20. Courageous desert exclusively (7).
21. Recent royal victim of 11 (5).
22. They are extremely right politically (8).
25. Admit (11).
27. States colloquially (3).
28. See 9.
29. An ecclesiastical canal (11).

DOWN

1. See 7 across (4).
2. Sensitive to pin pricks (11).
3. Paraguayan mate (5).
4. He's missing from the States in this (7).
5. Scatter it heedless (7).
6. Mount for those who wish to see a fine lady (9).
7. Foreign to Washington (3).
8. They deal out bribes, justice or medicine (10).
13. If one goes to this one will presumably find the dogs there (11).
14. Arabian port in the London market (10).
16. The river rose to form a kind of lake (9).
19. Musical mountaineer (7).
20. Had a general tendency to end in the middle (7).
23. A pupil with his head down (5).
24. See 26.
26 and 24. Pump room over the water (7).

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



COMPANY MEETING

NATIONAL BUILDING SOCIETY

ANOTHER YEAR OF GOOD PROGRESS

At the eighty-fourth annual meeting of the National Building Society, held on January 19th at Southern House, London, E.C., Mr. George Elkington, J.P., F.R.I.B.A. (the Chairman), said that the Society had had another year of good, safe progress. The subscriptions during the year were £3,547,000, after adding uncompleted share interest. Withdrawals amounted to £2,119,233, and at the end of the year members' capital stood at £20,779,946, being an increase on the figures for the previous year of £1,427,767. The total assets were £22,776,289, an increase of £1,700,265. The advances on mortgage during the year amounted to £4,102,161, and the mortgage assets at the end of the year were £20,217,909, showing an increase of £1,695,279.

On balances as at October 31, 1932, 4½ per cent., free of income-tax, was paid until December 31, 1932; then 4 per cent. from January 1, 1933. In respect, however, of new investments received on and after November 1, 1932, the rate was 4 per cent. As regarded investments received on and after June 1, 1933, the rate was reduced to 3½ per cent., free of income-tax.

LIQUID ASSETS.

The book value of investments was £1,592,867, producing an average income of £4 8s. 1d. per cent. All stocks were shown at or below par. The market value at October 31, 1933, of Stock Exchange Securities held was £167,836 above the book value. Cash at that date stood at £660,998.

The balance of profit as shown in the profit and loss account was £1,016,795. Interest on completed and uncompleted shares absorbed £817,192, leaving a balance of £199,603. Of this figure £24,926 had been written off premises, and a special appropriation of £5,000 had been made towards the cost in its initial stages of the Staff Pensions Scheme. £150,000 had been transferred to reserve No. 1, which now stood at £750,000, and £19,676 to reserve No. 2. The reserve funds totalled £830,295, compared with £674,021 last year.

The report and accounts were adopted.

How to cut off a Severe Cold or Influenza in 48 Hours

The experience of an eminent Doctor :

"I had an aggravated attack myself and took three tablets of Quinisan twice daily. By the total dose of 12 tablets my attack of Influenza was entirely cut off."

The danger of neglected Colds which may lead to Pleurisy, Pneumonia, &c., is known to all. The risk may be avoided by the timely use of Quinisan. Quinisan is not offered as a cure-all. It is simply a new Quinine Salt (Quinine Bisalicylo-salicylate) with the name shortened to Quinisan, which has been found to possess remarkable properties in the treatment of Colds, Influenza and Tonsilitis, and which at the same time is perfectly safe to use. Quinisan tablets may be obtained from any Chemist, in bottles of 20 for 1/9 and in larger sizes.

Manufactured by **HOWARDS & SONS Ltd.**
(Est. 1797), **ILFORD.**

Makers of the famous Howards' Aspirin Tablets and Howards' Agotan for Rheumatism, &c.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated

ALHAMBRA. Henry V. Weds. & Sats.

COMEDY. First Episode. Thurs. & Sat.

DUCHESS. Laburnum Grove. Th. & Sat.

PALACE. Gay Divorce. Wed. & Sat.

PICCADILLY. Sleeping Clergyman. M.W.S.

PRINCES. On With the Show. W. & S.

ST. JAMES'. Wed. & Sat.
The Late Christopher Bean.

S.MARTIN'S. The Wind & the Rain. M.Tu.F.

SHAFTESBURY. Spring, 1600. Sat. 2.30.

THEATRES

ALHAMBRA, Leic. Sq. (Whitehall 2525).
Commencing Sat., Jan. 27, at 8 p.m., subs.
Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
GODFREY TEARLE in **HENRY V**
with
BASIL GILL and FRANKLIN DYALL
D. HAY PETRIE and YVONNE ARNAUD

COLISEUM, Charing Cross. Temple Bar. 3161.
SIR OSWALD STOLL will shortly present
LUDWIG BERGER'S Stage Spectacle,
"THE GOLDEN TOY."
An Eastern Romance with Music.

COMEDY. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
FIRST EPISODE.
A Play of University Life.
By Terence Rattigan & Philip Hiemann.

CROYDON REPERTORY. Fairfield 4529.
Mon., Jan. 29, for one week. Nightly at 8. Sat. 5 & 8.15.
The MAN WITH A LOAD of MISCHIEF
by Ashley Dukes.
All seats bookable, 1/6 to 3/6. Close to W. Croydon Stn.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30. Mat., Th., Sat., 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN in a New Comedy
LABURNUM GROVE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

PALACE, Cambridge Circus, Shafts. Ave. Ger. 6834.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
FRED ASTAIRE in **GAY DIVORCE.**
With CLAIRE LUCE and OLIVE BLAKENEY.

PICCADILLY. 8.30. 3 Mats., Mon., Wed., Sat. 2.30.
BARRY JACKSON presents
A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.
ERNEST THESIGER.
DORICE FORDRED. ROBERT DONAT.

PRINCES. Tem. 3633. 8.15, Wed., Sat., 2.30.
LAWRENCE WRIGHT presents
ON WITH THE SHOW.
GILLIE POTTER, BETTY FRANKISS.

ST. JAMES'. Whitehall 3903.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
The Late CHRISTOPHER BEAN.
EDITH EVANS. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443 and 1444.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Mon., Tues., & Fri. 2.30.
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
CELIA JOHNSON. ROBERT HARRIS.

SHAFTESBURY. (Ger. 6666). Wed. next, at 8.15.
(Subsequently 8.30.) First Mat. Feb. 3. at 2.30.
SPRING, 1600.
A Comedy by Emlyn Williams.

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283.) Adm. 2/5 to 10/6.
Evgs. 8.50. Mats., Wed. & Sat., at 2.30.
SATURDAY'S CHILDREN
by Maxwell Anderson.
Revised for England by Cecil Madden.
Preceded at 8.30 by E. THORNLEY-DODGE.

PICTURE THEATRES

EMPIRE Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
It Dares to be Different!
"MALA THE MAGNIFICENT"
A Motion Picture of the Better Order.

RESTAURANTS

IT'S FASHIONABLE to be old-fashioned! Come to Lunch, Dinner or Late Supper at RULES (Estd. 1780). Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. Licensed till midnight. Delicious food at moderate prices.

PARTNERSHIP

THREE YEARS AGO an Unemployed Schoolmaster, desperate for work, opened a School of his own. Happily the venture prospered; he now wants an Active Partner with moderate Capital (latter payable by arrangement) to help extend the Concern. Right Temperament Essential. Write: "Morton's Fork," Box 424, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

LITERARY

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (191a) Palace Gate, W.8.

LYRIC WRITERS seeking a capable Musical Collaborator should send specimen verses, with postage for return, to CARRINGTON BRIGGS, Composer, Leven, Hull, E. Yorks.

LITERARY—continued

EXPERT Publishers' Reviewer, criticises MSS. Individual constructive reports. Brochure from SYLVIA STEVENSON, 12 Henrietta St., W.C.2.

AUTHORS. Well-known publisher (retired) offers criticism and advice on your work. Suitable MSS. also placed with leading publishers. Write: Box 3, V.L.A., 34 Great James St., London W.C.1.

BOOKPLATES. Heraldic and Pictorial, designed from £2 2s. Particulars from OSBORNE 27 Eastcastle St., London, W.1.